

SEPTEMBER 1914

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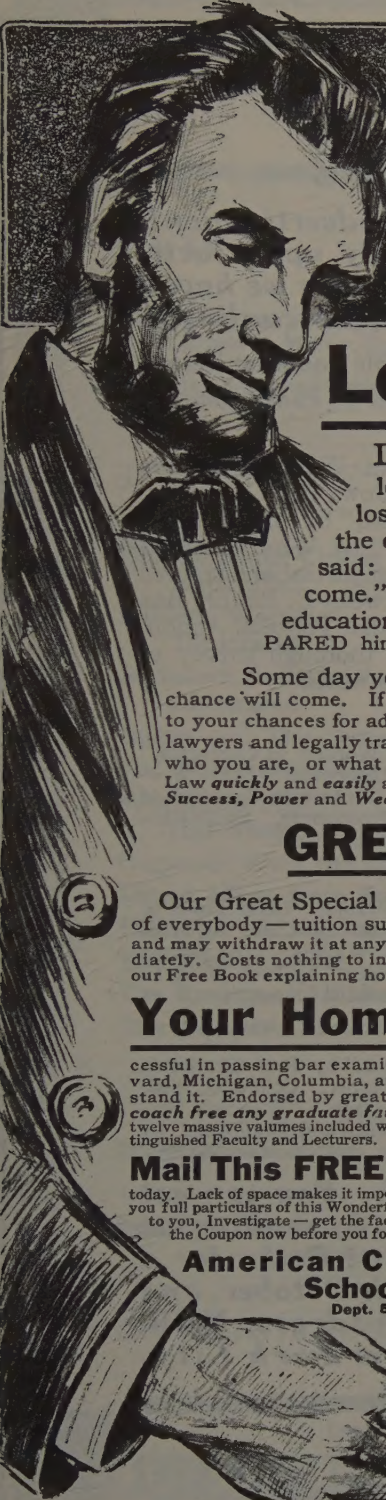
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- II. When Workingmen Seek to Better Their Condition
- III. Civil War in Colorado
- IV. A Startling Detonation in High Quarters About the Trusts
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Contains: "Movements of Migratory Unskilled Workers in California," by Austin Lewis; "Direct Primaries," by Isaac A. Hourwich; "I. W. W.—the Great American Scapegoat," by Max Eastman; "Plutocratic Socialism of H. G. Wells," by William E. Walling; "A Feminist Symposium," Emile Vandervelde on "Socialism vs. the State," and the "Socialist Digest."

JULY ISSUE

Contains: "Daniel De Leon," by Louis C. Fraina; "Class Lines in Colorado," by Max Eastman; "New Phase of the Contempt Cult," by Frederick Haller; "Why a Socialist Party," by William E. Walling; "The Drama of Dynamite," by Floyd Dell; "Another Study in Black," by Prof. W. E. B. Du Bois; "Labor in the Roman World," and the "Socialist Digest."

JUNE ISSUE

Contains: "The Key to the Mexican Problem," by Prof. Charles A. Beard; "Why I am For Zapata," by John Kenneth Turner; "Colorado: 1893-1914," by Isaac A. Hourwich; "Gompers Contempt Case," "Walling's Progressivism—and After," by Walter Lippmann; "Socialism and Feminism," by Floyd Dell; "Ernst Haeckel," by Prof. Robert H. Lowie, and "Socialist Digest."

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The Editor is responsible only for views expressed on the editorial page and in unsigned department matter. Each contributor and associate editor is responsible for views expressed over his own signature.

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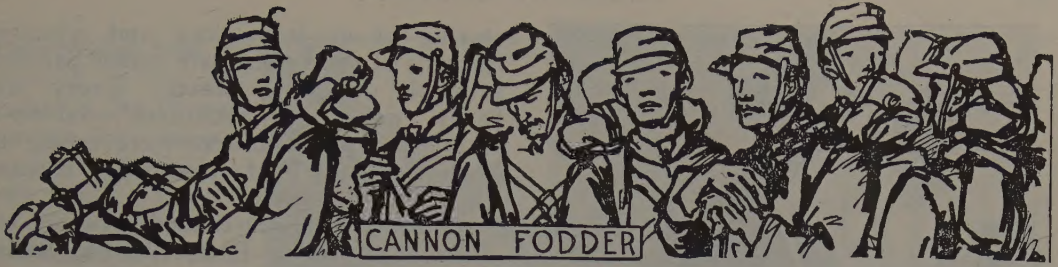
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FORWARD—MARCH.



Europe in the Clutch of War

By PHILLIPS RUSSELL

ONLY a few days ago I finished a walking trip through France, Belgium and Holland, where the hazy sun shone on quiet lands and peaceful peoples. Today the same roads which I trod resound to the tramp of armed men, and women and children are shrinking in terror as the spectre of war rattles its sabre with bony hand.

As I write, the streets of London are filled with yelling thousands as the war fever carefully worked up by cunning newspapers, penetrates their veins. Europe has gone mad. Every continental nation is feverishly buckling on its armor and uttering hysterical cries. The first victim of this crazy blood-lust has been laid low—Jaurès, the apostle of peace and good-will toward men—shot down as he laughed with his comrades in a Paris café by a poor devil made insane by the pestilence of patriotism.

Already men are fighting on the French, German, Russian and Belgian frontiers, having been called from their work and bidden to go out and slay other men against whom they have no grievance, for reasons which no sane human being can clearly state.

On a recent visit to France I was amazed at the feverish though secret preparations being made for war and at the open propaganda of hate being worked up against Germany by the newspapers. Before I left Europe it was my intention to write an article for the REVIEW and predict a giant international war within two years unless the workingmen of the nations involved took a resolute stand for peace at once.

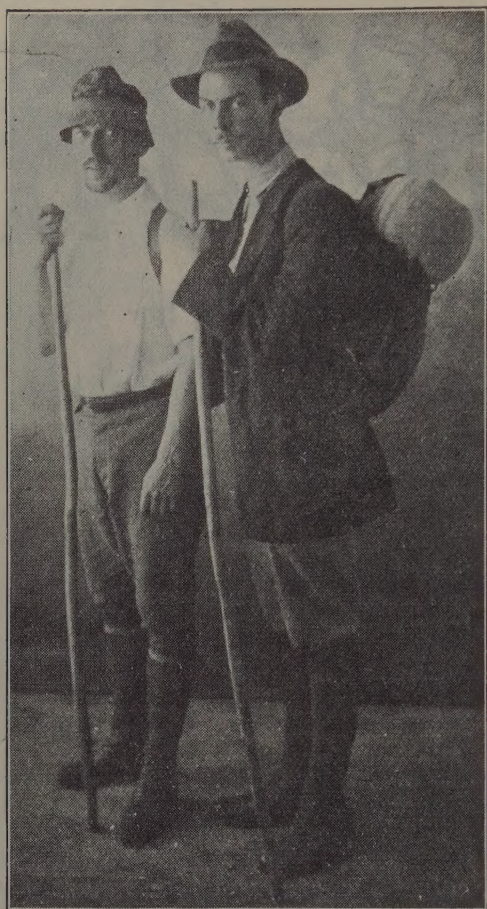
And now here is the war before I have

been able to get out of Europe. Governments have caught labor off its guard and plunged several countries in what may prove to be the most terrible war in the history of the world. Protests now are of no avail. In London yesterday trade unionists and Socialists held an open-air demonstration and passed a resolution. But governments do not care either for demonstrations or resolutions, and no concrete measures for nipping the war in the bud were proposed.

This is a business men's war, worked up and encouraged by merchants and manufacturers who lust for more markets, more spheres of trade influence, more land and men to exploit. National differences, racial hostilities, all are mere superficial factors. Germany, "the business bully of Europe," is matched against three other great powers. The map of the world is apt to be changed before it is all over.

* * *

FOR ten days my comrade and I, on our way afoot from Paris to Bruges in Belgium, had walked through long lanes of green, edged with scarlet poppies, in an atmosphere fresh and cool, after several days of rain. Hour after hour, as far as the eye could see, stretched the rolling hills of rural France. They formed a sort of vast carpet pattern of green, brown and yellow. The gravel was white and clean under our feet. Every few hundred feet soared a solitary lark, mounting higher and higher into the air, while he trilled his song, the most joyous sound that bird ever uttered. The hay that we slept on at night was sweet to the nostrils.



BERKLEY TOBEY AND PHILLIPS RUSSELL.

Finally we drew near the Belgian border. Our route map showed the next big town was Heinin-Letard, a name which as yet meant nothing to us. As we trudged on, in the distance we could see a smudge of smoke in the air, and as this became thicker and heavier we at last realized we were approaching the famous coal mines of the Nord.

The green fields became dingier. The scarlet poppies grew pale. The face of the sun became streaked with soot. We turned a wide bend in the road and found ourselves face to face with the Black Plague of France.

Instead of the quaint, low, thatched cottages with which we had become so familiar, stretched a long, monotonous line of "company houses" of dirty red brick—the homes of the miners. Through block after block of them we walked, with the curious faces of haggard women

staring at us from door and window. Swarms of pretty but pale babies paddled in pools of sloppy water. Every few yards was an "estaminet"—saloon—where groups of miners were trying to wash the coal dust from their throats with huge glasses of beer.

Instead of Heinin-Letard, France, we might have been in Pottsville, Pa., Belleville, Ill., or Trinidad, Colo. There were the same grim faces of overworked men, the same tired women, the same pallid children, the same gaunt, black sheds and buildings.

We stopped in one of the thousand little cafes and ordered a "chope" of the bitter, cheap beer sold to the miners. Several of them were present talking busily—I heard the word "capitaliste" several times. They became silent at our entrance, seeing we were foreigners. They looked us over closely, apparently trying to get "a line" on us.

Nearly all were small, undersized men, dressed in baggy overalls and small, sloping top caps.

Finally one of them made bold to address us in rapid French, using "tu" for "you" instead of the "vous," to which we had become accustomed. Had we come to seek work in the mines? No? Then perhaps somewhere beyond? No?

He was puzzled. Our appearance showed him we had walked a long distance and our clothing showed we weren't tourists. Then what were we and what le diable were we doing in Heinin-Letard? He and his companions discussed the subject without arriving at a conclusion.

Finally we explained. We weren't miners, we related, but "cheminauds"—roadsters, foot travelers. We weren't looking for work, but walking through the country for pleasure. We had come from Paris and were going to Belgium.

"Toujours a pied!" they exclaimed.

"Yes," we replied. "On foot all the time."

Name of a name, not to say oh, la, la! They found it incredible. Walking all that distance—for pleasure? It was strange. We were English, perhaps; Spaniards, Italians? No; Americans? A commotion ensued. All had heard of Americans, but few had ever seen any. They fired a volley of questions. We

answered as best we could with our rather faulty French, though they assured us we spoke it "Assez bien."

We began to swap information. Their wages, they said, averaged five to six francs (\$1 to \$1.20) a day, usually of nine hours, though there was a new state law reducing it to eight. They listened intently when we told something of mining conditions in the United States and eagerly exclaimed: "Just like that here."

Explosions they were familiar with. There was a terrible one at Courrieres, a village close by, in 1906, they said, when many, many children were made orphans.

They crowded around eagerly to hear of Colorado and the war on the workers waged by Rockefeller. They could not believe that a machine gun had been used on women and children. To the story of the burning of women and children in

their tents they listened in horrified amazement. France was bad enough, they said, but there had never been anything like that here. There would be a war—a revolution. The people would rise and seek vengeance.

For two hours we sat and talked in a circle of intent faces—of socialism, syndicalism, of work and wages—till it was time for us to resume our march.

They accompanied us to the door amid a chorus of "bon voyages" and sent us off with smiles showing white teeth in a frame of grimy faces.

Another mile of company houses, soot and dirt, and we were in the open fields and the sunlight again, scarred only by the smoke of Heinen-Letard, monument to French capitalism and working-class misery.



A STREET OF THE BETTER GRADE IN HEINEN-LETARD.



"DADDY'S" HOME-COMING IN HEINEN-LETARD, FRANCE.



THE CHRISTIAN NATIONS.

—Chicago Tribune.

MODERN



PRIVATE 872,413.

THE glory and romance of war is dead, and they will be buried beyond all hope of resurrection after the coming great world-war is over. War today will be so destructive, so expensive, so terrible and so enlightening to the workers who wage all wars for the benefit of someone else, that we believe they will never again permit

themselves to be used as gunners or targets.

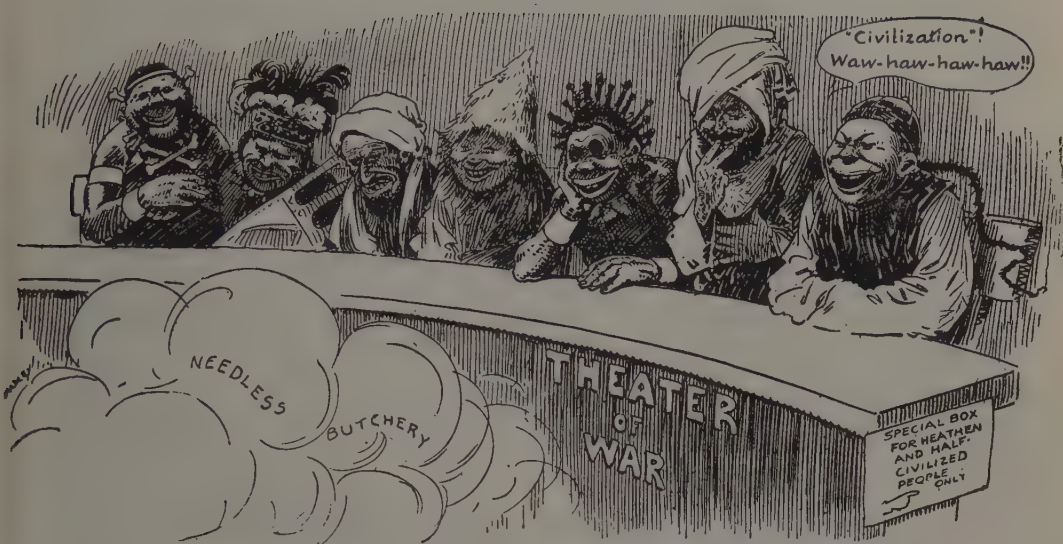
Today war has become chiefly a matter of cold calculation, a bloody business of long distance slaughter, with no longer any opportunity for dashing and idiotic personal heroism.

Never again can a Napoleon, looking down from a hilltop, direct the movements of his army of 30,000 men as it maneuvers under his eye on the plains below.

The modern general directing a battle line 150 miles long—such as the Japanese had at Mukden—will never even be within sight of his troops. The Japanese chief of staff was fifteen miles to the rear when the great battle was fought.

Never again will a courier, bearing orders from headquarters to division and corps commanders, have two horses shot under him as he dashes across the battle front. Today orders go out from headquarters over the field telephone wires or by wireless and reach every brigade commander, as he, too, sits in safety far back of the line of fire.

Never again will a battery of field guns



WON'T THEY BE EDIFIED!

—Chicago Daily News.

WARFARE

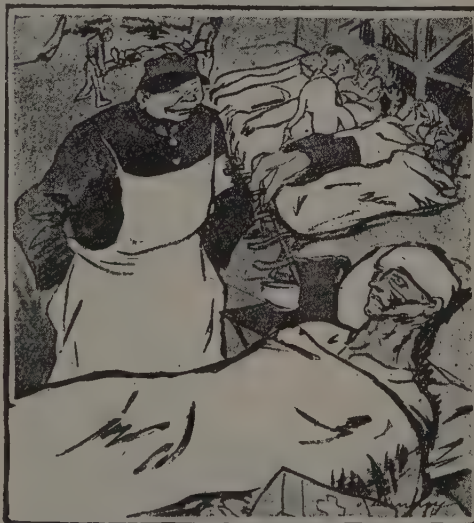
gallop madly into action, with the gunners sitting with crossed arms on the caissons and the infantry cheering their rescuers.

Modern field guns are located out of sight over the shoulder of a hill three miles or five miles or more away. The gunners never even GET A SIGHT OF THE ARMY THEY ARE FIRING AT. In the great European war being waged today they do not even KNOW WHAT THEY ARE FIGHTING FOR. It is to their masters' interest that the working class be sacrificed and the workers go dumbly to their deaths to make it possible for them to grab more lands or mines for exploitation.

And their masters, who exploit them, and their officers who command generally sit in perfect security and amid pomp and splendor while the makers of the world's commodities die by the hundreds of thousands.

Only the working CLASS fights and pays and only the master class reaps the reward!

Today the fire of gunners is guided by calculations carefully made by an expert



WHERE'S THE CHAMPAGNE THAT WAS SENT FOR THE WOUNDED?
OH, THE OFFICERS WERE CELEBRATING THE VICTORY LAST NIGHT!

mathematician, who sits down in a hole in the ground and figures trajectories and curves, and makes allowances for wind and pressure. All are miles away from the scene of the murders they are committing.

"Hold your fire until you see the whites

of the enemy's eyes," is a command that will never be given in a modern battle.

Modern infantry dig themselves a nice deep ditch in the ground about two miles away from the first of the enemy's lines. To the present day soldier the spade is almost as important as the gun. He gets down into the ditch so that only his eyes and the top of his head are in sight at all. And he looks across an apparently perfectly empty plain to where in the dim distance he is told the hostile entrenchments lie.

Never in a modern battle picture will a solid column of charging men be shown rallying round their cherished battle flag, which can be seen but dimly through the clouds of black smoke.

There are no battle flags, no smoke and no charging columns on modern battlefields. The presence of a flag on the battle line would instantly reveal its location to the enemy. Smokeless powder has taken the place of the old cloud-belching explosive, and one may look over a modern battlefield with a hundred field guns in action and not be able to locate one of them. As for solid columns of charging men—a modern infantry attack is a far different affair.

It is true the German officers directing



FIRST GENERAL—THIS IS A GLORIOUS DAY FOR OUR GLORIOUS COUNTRY, GENERAL.
SECOND GENERAL—YES, GENERAL; AND FOR US.

the attack on the fortresses of the Belgians were so eager to make a showing that they reverted to the methods of Napoleon in their advance at Liege. Instead of trying to reduce the works with artillery they decided to carry them with a grand assault under cover of a cannonade. The rank and file of the German army fought with great courage and idiocy (for why should they have fought at all?) but their artillery was not heavy enough to make any impression upon the solid defenses of the Belgians. The balls from the siege guns rattled harmlessly off the Belgian works, doing practically no damage.

Despite the futility of the artillery fire, the German infantry and cavalry were commanded to continue their advance, the German generals hurling their men forward time after time under a storm of lead which left long rows of dead and dying. Soon masses of corpses were piled up along the slopes leading to the forts like haystacks. The carnage was appalling. The ground was literally running with blood. The groans and screams of the dying were heard in the fort above the roar of the cannonade. Thousands of torn bodies rolled and pitched in the last torment of death.

But this method of fighting will not become general. Even German army officers, mad with a desire for advancement and for fame, must recognize the fact that file or column formation will not succeed in the face of the modern machine gun. In the old days it was largely the men "in front" who faced and met death. Now the machine gun will annihilate a whole column of soldiers with a single shot.

We suspect that on the modern battlefield the officers of the contending parties will have in their possession maps showing every most minute variation of the ground. On these maps there will be shown 300 yards in advance of the first trench occupied by the infantry, a small brook running through a shallow ditch. The immediate object of the infantry is to move forward and occupy that new cover.

First the field guns—and nowadays a whole regiment of such guns, each of which can fire ten shrapnel shells a minute, is the recognized artillery unit—do



MOTOR ARTILLERY ON A NIGHT MARCH.

Illustrated London News.

their best to smother the enemy's artillery fire and to drown his trenches in a flood of bullets. Each shrapnel shell bursts into from 100 to 200 projectiles. Then, while this fire is at its height, the infantry gets up—a squad or two at a time—and runs, dodging and bent over, to the ditch through which flows the little stream. They take advantage of every little hillock. A rise of a single foot will afford fairly good protection for a man who lies flat on the ground. So, by fits and starts, running and then dropping behind quickly dug and shallow embankments, they advance toward the enemy's lines.

All the time field guns are firing a rain of shrapnel over their heads. It is this delicate task of the gunners to so time their shells that they shall burst when

they reach the enemy's line and not before. Else the bullets may kill their own infantry.

By the time the infantry is within close striking distance of the enemy its field guns may have silenced his artillery.

Wireless telegraphy and aeronautics are destined to prove the most destructive implements in the present European crisis and may entirely do away with the modern battleship if not also the massing together of great armed forces on land. The airship is now in use by all the countries engaged in the great European conflict. The science of aviation has undoubtedly developed the most daring body of men ever engaged in any enterprise.

Great battles in the air will soon be

recorded and such men as Garros, the French aviator, who is reported to have given his life that he might bring to earth a giant Zeppelin dirigible which threatened the French master class will arise.

And what are these working men fighting for? Will life be any harder for them with a German, or a French, or an English flag flying over the capitol than with the flag that flies there today? Certainly not. The war cannot possibly benefit anybody but the capitalist class and the aristocracy. The Kaiser may become Emperor over the greater part of Europe. England or France may gain supremacy. But what difference can it make to the working class?

Does not the German landlord demand his rent the same as the English or the French or Russian landowner? Does not the French or English capitalist demand his six per cent. the same as the German exploiter? Does it make it any harder on the workers to have a new flag over the factory door?

Hervé well says:

"Proletarians have NO COUNTRY.

The differences which exist between the present countries are all superficial differences. The capitalist régime is the same in all countries.

"There is only one war which is worthy of intelligent men; it is civil war, social revolution."

And again:

"Let war break out tomorrow and there will be moaning on BOTH sides of the frontier, there will be damning of the government, there will be shaking of fists, there will be launching of passionate proclamations, but—they will march. They will go reluctantly, but they WILL GO.

"Well, there MUST BE NO GOING."

"For us socialists there is no question of nationality. We know but two nations: the nation of the capitalists, the bourgeoisie and the possessing class on one side; and on the other the nation of proletarians, the mass of disinherited, the working class. And we are all—Germans, French, English, Russians, Americans—of that second nation. We are one nation only. The *workers of all countries form ONE nation.*" **LIEBKNECHT.**



—Current Opinion.

THE BLESSINGS OF PEACE.

Hans and Jacques (together): "And I hear there's more to come!"



THE REVIEW.

—Chicago American.

Socialism and the World-War

By G. L. HARDING

IT WAS almost exactly a hundred years ago that Napoleon made his saturnine prediction that Europe in a hundred years must be either all Cossack or all Republican. Like other prophets of genius, Napoleon miscalculated badly as to details and temporalities. The Cossack of today fights side by side with the soldiers of the French republic, and the tune of the great Revolution, sung with savage and exulting mockery by the Russian of 1814, is the marching song of Russian regiments in 1914 on their way to fight the enemies of France. The Tory England, who dealt France her deathblow in 1815, throws in her defence today the navy that drove her from the seas at Trafalgar and the army that broke the Old Guard at Waterloo. A grimmer and less liberal ally upholds this unnatural entente in the Far East. The war is not between Cossack and Re-

publican, but between the Cossack spirit of all nations; not between barbarism and enlightenment, but between interests of the nations on a dead level of barbarism. So far Napoleon was wrong, unless one admits that all Europe has become Cossack.

But Napoleon was right. Across three generations he prophesied the spirit of the conflict that is upon us. For the great war on which we of this generation are going to look is not the war between the Kaiser and the Czar, but the war of the people against war. That is the spirit which Napoleon, in his fresh recollections of the French Revolution, spoke of as republican. It is arising and co-ordinating itself today in every nation in Europe, preparing for the first engagement in its death-grapple with the Cossack spirit which has plunged the brotherhood of nations into the carnage of barbarism.

Its rallying point today is no mere exhorting philosophizing on the rights of man. It is the rock of solidarity of the International Socialist Movement.

How will the Socialists of Europe meet this, the soberest and most perilous crisis of our cause? First, with relief. The storm which has filled the heavens with clouds for the whole of our generation has burst at last. The great liberal movements of Europe, notably of France and England, who believed their governments were enlightened and civilized enough to keep them from the insanity of this titanic struggle, now have learned their lesson. The same enlightenment has come to those who thought the stakes of capitalism were valuable enough to deter the great trading nations from risking them. They will now see, clearer than by a hundred years of Socialist teaching, on whom the risks of capitalism really fall. This stern disillusionment Socialists cannot but welcome as the unrolling of the terrible scroll of fate they have foretold unheeded for a generation.

And all this ghastly folly of those who builded on the sand is nowhere more sternly evident than in the collapse of the peace movement. Two years ago the Peace Congress at Rome was rudely ejected when that seat of Christendom became the fulcrum of the most shameless war of indefensible aggression our generation has yet seen. This very summer they were to meet—where? By a similar stroke of extreme irony the scene of this ridiculous feast of pretense and hypocrisy was this year laid in Vienna. The opiate words of welcome were to have been pronounced by Count von Berchtold, Austria's truculent foreign minister, the very man whose insolent declaration of war on Servia has precipitated the Armageddon. Could any profounder futility be imagined? There is a rumor of a gallant decision of the Dutch nation to resist the passage of German armies if necessary by breaking down the dykes and flooding the country. If this desperate measure is carried out, let us hope that the first structure to succumb to the onrush of the waters will be the Palace of Peace at The Hague, that costly and fatuous symbol of the vainest delusion of our age and generation: that war will be stopped by the classes who profit from war.

Socialists must everywhere feel relief that these things, even in the livid light of a huge fratricidal strife, are at last becoming clear. In the ensuing struggle half-loyalties will get their deathblow among the older nations. Liberalism, agrarianism, radicalism, the niceties of Home Rule and local autonomy—all those little issues will be blasted and withered in their own impotence by the storm that is to come. Clearer than ever before in the world's history we shall see the naked issue everywhere between the people and their tyrants, between Socialism, the French Revolution of today, and the Cosack spirit of modern capitalism.

Even if we are cowardly enough to wish it, we cannot avoid the struggle that is before us. Its first breath has struck down the great captain of the Socialist movement in the Latin world in the assassination in a Paris café of brave old Jean Jaurès. At the moment when I write these words, the French movement is sanctifying that martyrdom with the deeds of revolution. It is committed to the general strike by a referendum taken hardly a fortnight before Jaurès' death; and a general strike under martial law means civil war. Today there is literally war against war in France. Who knows where, among a people with the traditions of the French, this insurrection will end? For us Americans, the censorship has shut down on the old world like a long night. But even through the battle-clouds of world-war we can see and grasp this huge, single fact: that the Socialist movement cannot stand still. In this convulsion it must go forward or be lost utterly. The war is against us, and we have no right to risk the issue by fighting solely on the defensive. That is the instinct of the French Socialist movement and it is kindling the first fires of the Social Revolution itself.

We are on the edge of unprecedented and unpredictable history. There have been world-wars since the dawn of time, yet never before was there in every country so formidable and rebellious a body of organized and aggressive public opinion against war. Never before have so many people grasped the principle that war is deliberate class-conspiracy against mass liberty. Whoever shall be victorious, the war spirit cannot have a much longer span on this earth. The ghastly

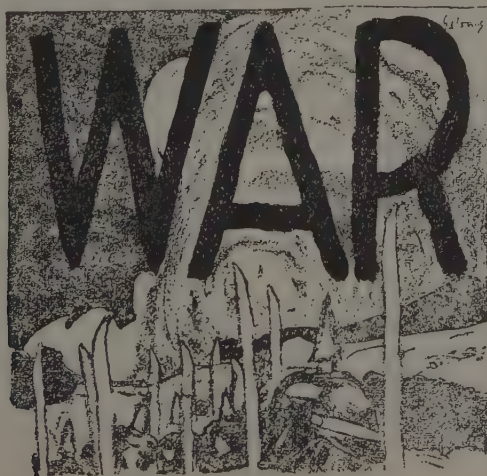
lesson we are about to learn will be, if not the end, the beginning of the end of scientific carnage as a means of settling the differences between nations.

While we are straining our eyes to see how our European comrades are meeting their crisis abroad, there are measures which we can take here and now to clear our own country of at least one infamy as deep as European militarism. America is ostensibly the one great neutral power left in the world, yet day by day thousands of her sons by adoption are deserting her to help join in the slaughter of the enemies of their fatherland. Reservists in European armies now living in America have a perfect right to return to their slavery, but we should think twice about admitting them again to whatever citizenship of freedom this nation has tried to build up. Residents and citizens of America who go back to fight in Europe in this juncture in any other cause than that of war against war are betraying in the deepest sense that freedom they came to seek.

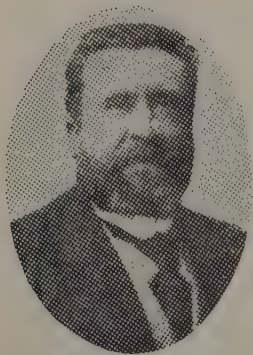
Their action smirches with shameful dishonor the one real distinction of this country to any place in the world's struggle for freedom: that all nations, whatever their mutual hatred in Europe, could have found here the peace and mutual understanding symbolized in that great Melting Pot out of which the race of the future is to come. That Americans should murder Americans in the struggle of one blood-bespattered European throne against another—that is certainly the most disillusionizing proof we have ever had of the enfeeblement and dilution of the old Amer-

ican idea of liberty as it looks today to our foreign-born citizens. But the Socialist movement should demand that these sycophants of militarism be made to choose between this country and their own. If they choose for labor and liberty their American citizenship should be enough to protect them against the long arm of militaristic oppression from the fatherland they have left. But if they choose to obey their masters' conscription, let them renounce America. If they choose to fight for the Kaiser, let the Kaiser take care of them. If they choose to join this monstrous raid on liberty, let such liberty as we possess at any rate be denied to them till they shall choose whether they shall fight on the side of a Cossack or a republican world.

We of America, for the present at any rate, can only watch this war. But the next struggle may be our own. The lasting significance to us of the crises in Europe is that capitalism has at last thrown down a clear challenge to Socialism. The wave of world-war is meant not for any aggression abroad but to rivet on the chains more securely at home. Unless Socialism resists it will be crushed. That is the plainest and most desperate truth. And to us who are building up the American Socialist movement as a wall against the great test and crisis that is bound to come here in our own life-time, the world-war in Europe is the prelude of a convulsion in America in which we will be challenged as our comrades across the sea are being challenged today.



THE HARVEST FIELDS - 1914



JEAN JAURES

Jaurès and the General Strike Against War

By William D. Haywood

JEAN JAURES, the great peace advocate, is dead. He was assassinated on July 31 by a young student crazed with the war spirit.

I first met Jaurès at the International Socialist Congress held at Copenhagen in 1910; it was in the foyer of the congress hall. He was surrounded by representatives from all nations. His greetings were in French, a low, quiet voice of tremendous reserve power. He was of medium height, heavy frame, deep chest, massive shoulders, large head set low, broad forehead, furtive, restless dark gray eyes, full beard covering strong jaws and chin, just past the half century mark.

The real character of Jaurès was shown in the congress during the discussion of the resolution committee's report on the resolution on arbitration and disarmament:

"The congress declares that the armaments of the nations have alarmingly increased during recent years in spite of the peace congresses and the protestations of peaceful intention on the part of the governments. Particularly does this apply to the general movement of the governments to increase the naval armament whose latest phase is the construction of "dreadnoughts." This policy leads not only to an insane waste of national resources for unproductive purposes and therefore to the curtailment of means for the realization of necessary social reforms in the interest of the working class, but it also threatens all nations with financial ruin and exhaustion through the insupportable burdens of indirect taxation.

"These armaments have but recently endangered the peace of the world, as they always will. In view of this development which threatens all achievements of civilization, the well being of nations and the very life of the masses, this congress reaffirms the resolutions of the former international congresses, and particularly that of the Stuttgart congress.

"The workers of all countries have no quarrels or difference which could lead to war. Modern wars are the result of capitalism and particularly of rivalries of the capitalist classes of the different countries for the world market, and of the spirit of militarism, which is one of the main instruments of capitalist class rule and of the economic and political subjugation of the working class. Wars will cease completely only with the disappearance of the capitalistic mode of production. The working class, which bears the main burdens of war and suffers most from its effects, had the greatest interest in the prevention of wars. The organized Socialist workers of all countries are, therefore, the only reliable guaranty of universal peace. The congress, therefore, again calls upon the labor organizations of all countries to continue a vigorous propaganda of enlightenment as to the causes of war among all workers, and particularly among the young people, in order to educate them in the spirit of international brotherhood.

"The congress, reiterating the oft-repeated duty of Socialist representatives in the parliaments to combat militarism with all means at their command and to refuse the

means for armaments, requires from its representatives:

"(a). The constant reiteration of the demand that international arbitration be made compulsory in all international disputes.

"(b) Persistent and repeated proposals in the direction of ultimate complete disarmament, and, above all, as a first step, the conclusion of a general treaty limiting naval armaments and abrogating the right of privateering.

"(c) The demand for the abolition of secret diplomacy and the publication of all existing and future agreements between the governments.

"(d) The guaranty of the independence of all nations and their protection from military attacks and violent suppression.

"The International Socialist Bureau will support all Socialist organizations in their fight against militarism by furnishing them with the necessary data and information and will, when the occasion arrives, endeavor to bring about united action. In case of warlike complications this congress reaffirms the resolution of the Stuttgart congress, which reads:

"In case of war being imminent the working classes and their parliamentary representatives in the countries concerned shall be bound, with the assistance of the International Socialist Bureau, to do all they can to prevent the breaking out of the war, using for this purpose the means which appear to them the most efficacious, and which must naturally vary according to the acuteness of the struggle of classes and to the general political conditions.

"In case war should break out, notwithstanding, they shall be bound to intervene for its being brought to a speedy end and to employ all their forces for utilizing the economical and political crisis created by the war, in order to rouse the masses of the people and to hasten the downbreak of the predominance of the capitalist class.

"For the proper execution of these measures the congress directs the bureau, in the event of a war menace, to take immediate steps to bring about an agreement among the labor parties of the countries affected for united action to prevent the threatened war."

SUB-AMENDMENT.

"Among the means to be used in order to prevent and hinder war, the congress

considers as particularly efficacious the general strike, especially in the industries that supply war with its implements (arms and ammunition, transport, etc.), as well as the propaganda and popular action in their most active forms.

"KEIR HARDIE,
"E. VAILLANT."

To be added to this Jaurès proposed the following:

"Among all the means of preventing and stopping war and of compelling governments to resort to arbitration, the congress considers as particularly efficacious the general strike simultaneously and internationally organized in all the countries concerned."

During the animated discussion that took place Jaurès was easily the leader. His eloquent and forceful support of the proposition for the complete general strike, without regard to the mandate as to armament industries, was carried by 1,690 to 1,174.

Again in King's hall during closing hours of the congress, the occasion being a magnificent reception to the foreign delegates, Jaurès with others, among them the writer, addressed the gathering. It was the masterful oratory, the magnetic power of Jaurès that aroused the crowd to the heights of enthusiasm. He spoke as he had at Stuttgart, of the strength of a united proletariat.

"Capitalism carried war in its womb; the proletariat could make it miscarry. We ought to apply our already formidable force to all social manifestations of capitalist oppression. We would be dishonored if we did not do our utmost to avoid war. The most prudent, as also the noblest, was to perform our duty fearlessly."

When his words ceased to reverberate throughout the big hall the delegates rushed to the platform, throwing their arms around Jaurès. The lifted him to their shoulders and carried him around among the cheering assemblage. No other delegate was given such greeting and ovation as this champion of the complete general strike against war.

I met him again. It was in the office of L'Humanite in Paris during the general strike of the railway men. It was in his office that the syndicalist leaders of the strike were arrested. At this period Jaurès led the forces opposing the renegade Briand, whom then premier was trying to break

the strike by compelling the railwaymen to become reservists.

When Jaurès and Emile Vandervelde of Belgium were en route to London I met them on the deck of a channel steamer. They were going to the World's metropolis to participate in the great anti-war demonstration held in Albert Hall in 1910. Again rang out from the lips of Jaurès the trumpet call of international solidarity for the general strike.

Two days before Jaurès was shot down he spoke at a demonstration in Brussels, predicting the social revolution that will come after the war is over. He said: "I, who have never hesitated to bring upon my head the hatred of our patriots by my desire to bring about a Franco-German understanding, have the right to say that at this time the French government desires peace. But for the supreme masters the ground is mined. In the drunkenness of the first battles they succeed in pulling along the masses. In proportion as typhus completes the work of death and misery these men will turn to the masters of Germany, France, Russia, Austria, Italy, etc., and will demand what reason they can give

for all these corpses. And then the revolution will tell them: "Go and demand grace from God and the men."

The last appeal of Jaurès was for action. He deplored the futility of words. He it was who put life and action in the Copenhagen resolutions. His last editorial published the day following his death concludes:

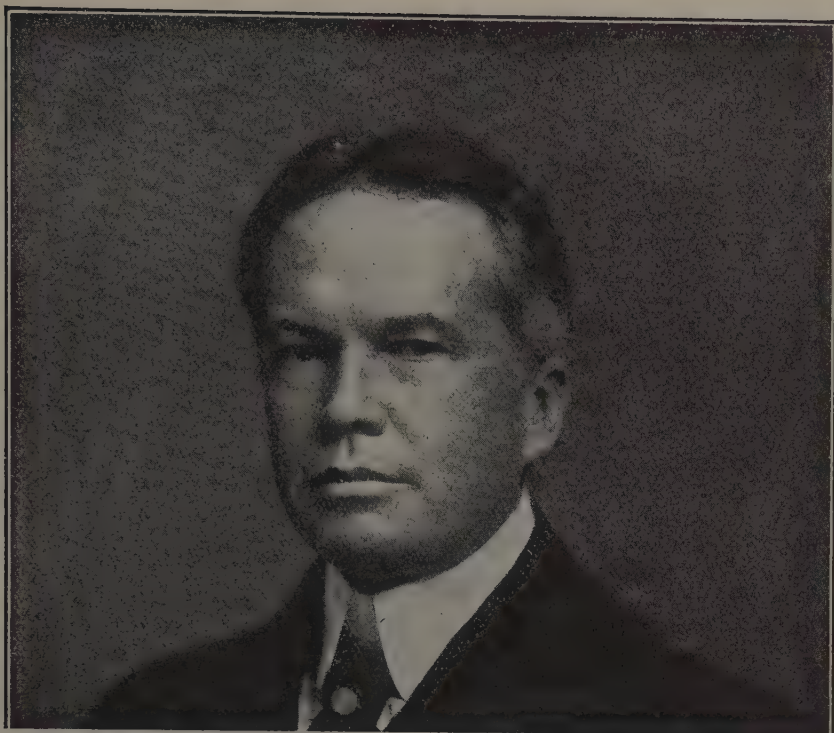
"The danger is great, but it is not unavoidable if we preserve clearness of mind and a strong will. If we have both heroism of patience and heroism of action, the clear view of our duty will give us the power to accomplish it. What counts now is the continuity of action, the constant awakening of the reason and conscience of the workers. There lies true salvation. There lies the guarantee of the future."

If the diplomats, statesmen and parliamentarians of the Socialist movement could have realized with Jaurès the power of the general strike and joined with Italy in their demonstration to give "not a life, not a penny for war," the terrible carnage would have been averted.

The great advocate of peace is dead. The general strike is a living issue—the only guarantee of peace.



FRENCH TROOPS BIVOUACKED IN THE OUTSKIRTS OF PARIS. —International News Service.



FOR OURSELVES OR FOR THE ENEMY?

By Charles Edward Russell

THE Parasites that live upon labor and declare great dividends out of labor's poorly paid toil—they do not need to be encouraged to unite. They are firmly united already.

No one needs to suggest to the gentlemen that are riding upon your backs that their interests are identical. They know that anyway.

Nobody ever heard of rival organizations of the exploiters getting in one another's way; it is only the exploited that do that.

The riders are harmonious; it is the ridden that quarrel and are divided.

When the railroads are trying to put over a fraudulent increase of freight rates, notice how absolutely they stand

together. One works for the others and all work for one in a way that is beautiful to behold. Or when they are trying to prevent their employes from getting an increase of wages, what harmony prevails! Or observe how carefully they guard one another's interests in the matter of black-listing. Any man anywhere that is found to be an agitator or active in forming labor unions or prominent in a strike, is quickly known by name to every railroad in the country and cannot get work from any of them.

So late as 1903, for instance, the men that took any prominent or active part in the great railroad strike of 1894 were black-listed and unable to get employment on any railroad in the country. They had worked against the interest of the railroad combination and must be punished and made an example of.

In the same way, any man that attacks organized wealth anywhere is boycotted everywhere. If he offends the banks in Oshkosh he offends them also in Spokane and Baraboo.

Everywhere Greed preserves an unbroken front. It is only Need that stops to quarrel about trifles and while it quarrels Greed picks its other pocket also.

Suppose there was a fort held by five hundred men and five thousand men were trying to capture it. And suppose that every day the besieging army sent fifty men to make a charge against the fort. How long do you suppose the besiegers would be in capturing that position?

If the whole five thousand went in one united body they could take the place without half trying. So long as they think more about bickering among themselves than they think about assaulting the common enemy, the enemy, though few in numbers, will win. So long as the besiegers advance in detachments they might as well give up and go home.

Two or three years ago there was a strike among the shop men of what is called the Harriman system of railroads, the Union Pacific, Southern Pacific, Illinois Central, and some others.

It is certain that the railroad managers expected the strike and welcomed, if they did not secretly instigate, it. They desired a chance to crush union labor and were fully prepared to do so. For weeks

before the strike was actually declared, work trains manned by union men were engaged in hauling lumber for shacks and stockades to house strike-breakers and scabs. Union carpenters were engaged in erecting such shacks and stockades. When the strike was declared union engineers, union firemen, union conductors and union brakemen carried to the shop towns thousands of strike-breakers and union switchmen helped to operate the trains that bore these enemies of theirs. Not willingly, any of them, of course; they knew what was on foot and knew the use that was being made of them to defeat their brother workers. But they were helpless. They belonged to separate unions. Each union had made a separate contract for itself with a separate date of expiration and this contract withheld it from giving to another union any effective support.

If the engineers could have struck with the shopmen, if the firemen could have refused to haul strike-breakers, the strike would have been won in twenty-four hours or less. But because of the division into separate unions, the rest of the army of labor was obliged not merely to stand by and see their brothers beaten but actually to assist in beating them.

In other words, it was the old story of advancing in detachments and being defeated in detail.

The same illustration was repeated in the case of the strike of the pressmen and stereotypers in Chicago in the spring of 1912.

Here was one of the greatest battles that labor ever fought and only prevented from being one of labor's greatest victories by the failure of the compositors to join hands with their fellow workers. With the assistance of the compositors the strikers would have been invincible and could have dictated their own terms. But the compositors were helpless, being tied up with a separate contract made with their separate union and having a long term to run. They were obliged to stand by and help to issue the newspapers that were defeating and defrauding the workers.

Such things have been repeated so often that they are perfectly (and painfully) familiar to every person that has

observed the course of the labor struggle in America. If there is a strike of miners, the engineers in that mine continue to hoist scab miners in and out; the engineers' union has a separate contract. If there is a strike in a factory, the machinists cannot come out; they have a separate contract. When it expires the employers exact some concession, and then if the machinists strike the operatives in that factory cannot join them, because in the meantime they, too, have made a separate contract. The two together could win justice and better conditions; fighting separately they are defeated separately, and with ease.

The employers clearly perceive this situation if the workers do not, and the employers bend every energy to keep the workers from uniting.

An infinite variety of devices are used to this end, some of them exceedingly ingenious. If there is a labor leader anywhere that cannot see the advantages of industrial over craft organization (that is, all railroad men in one union, all men in the printing trade in one union, and so forth) such a leader is singled out for subtle honors and attentions. He may be as honest as the day is long and may never suspect the reason for the distinctions that are heaped upon him, but the flattery will affect him, nevertheless. In spite of all reason and evidence, he will think that he has the kind regard of the employers because of his superior merit and character, and there is no wisdom after that able to keep him from being influenced by the suggestions he hears.

Similarly, any man that stands for a genuine union of the forces of labor must expect nothing but ridicule and every form of misrepresentation from the journals controlled in the interest of the employers. He must also expect that the true origin of this abuse will never be recognized and he will suffer accordingly in the estimation of his own class and his own people.

But to keep the workers divided on the political field is equally important to the employers and brings forth their most adroit schemes. They know perfectly well that the workers constitute the vast majority of the voters and that accordingly if the workers were ever to unite at

the ballot box the present supremacy of the employing class would vanish instantly. The constant object of the employers, therefore, is to keep the workers divided, and to that end they bring out at every election some false issue by which the attention of the workers may be diverted from their own wrongs and be fixed upon something else.

This is the only thing that has kept the old Republican and Democratic parties alive so many years after there has ceased to be any difference between them.

Millions of workingmen vote the Republican ticket every year and other millions vote the Democratic, and they might far better not vote at all. No human being is ingenious enough to mention a single advantage that any workingman has had from either the Republican or the Democratic administrations. When workingmen vote the Republican or the Democratic ticket they are voting for the employing class. They might as easily vote for themselves, if they would, but the great majority continue to vote for their employers. The spectacle is one of the strangest and most unreasonable that can be imagined, but every year it is repeated, to the great satisfaction of the employing class and the increase of its profits.

One year it is the tariff question that is relied upon to do this. We have had more than thirty years of tariff discussion and sometimes we have had a high tariff and sometimes a low tariff, but all the time the workers continued to create all the wealth of the country and to get very little of the wealth they created. All the time, too, this great change has gone forward unchecked, under which there is a constant increase in the cost of living but no corresponding increase in wages and salaries; under which, therefore, the workers have continued to grow poorer and poorer and the chances of their children to grow less.

When it seems unlikely that the tariff can arouse the interest necessary to keep the workers from thinking about their plight, there is always something else that will do it. Sometimes it is reform; sometimes it is free silver coinage; sometimes it is a personal contest between two well-known men, when the campaign takes on

the aspect of a prize fight and the sporting instincts of the people are appealed to. One of the most effective men for this purpose is Theodore Roosevelt. He has a good line of spectacular stunts and can be depended upon to get into the lime light every day with some new device. This keeps the people guessing and centers their minds on Roosevelt instead of on themselves, the result being that either the Republicans or the Democrats get control of the government, and so far as the employing class and the exploiters are concerned, one is as good as the other.

No matter which is in power, the old condition continues under which the workers create all the wealth of the country and get very little of what they create and the cost of living continues to increase but there is no corresponding increase of wages and salaries.

Every interest of the working class and of the nation, every interest material, intellectual or any other, demands that this shall be changed and at once. If nothing else were involved but the one great matter of education, even that ought to be sufficient to move the worker as much as it moves every intelligent observer aware of the present appalling facts in regard to our public schools.

In other words, even if the worker would not desire for his own sake to effect a radical change, he ought to think how directly all this comes home to his children.

At the last meeting of the National Educational Association the startling fact was brought out that the children of the masses of this country are practically uneducated and without a chance of securing an education. It is actually true that 75 per cent of the children in our public schools drop out at the close of the elementary courses or before. Fewer than 7 per cent complete the high school grade.

That is to say, in the United States only the children of the rich and the well-to-do are receiving any kind of education worth the name. The children of the poor and of the workers are condemned at the start to a state of ignorance.

Thus, in spite of ourselves, we have already established one aristocracy, the aristocracy of knowledge.

The exploiters, constituting 1 per cent of the population, elect 99 per cent of the national legislators. The workers, constituting 70 per cent of the population, elect nobody at all. What would you naturally expect under such conditions? The legislators naturally work for those that put them into office. A man elected by the exploiting class and chosen from its ranks can no more represent labor or the masses than the King of Siam can represent the state of Iowa.

This was always true, but it is now truer than ever, and infinitely more important, as you will see at once if you will stop to reflect on the great changes that have occurred in the nature of public problems in the last twenty years.

Here is something you never see discussed in your newspaper and yet it is the most significant fact of the times. It is literally true that nine in ten of the topics now debated in Congress are not of the least importance to this nation. Nine-tenths of the time of Congress is frittered away. The eminent legislators might much better be employed in making mud pies or tatting. Nothing is of any real importance to this nation except the one question whether we are longer to continue the process under which the cost of living increases and increases but there is no corresponding increase of wages, and that question you never hear mentioned in Congress.

Yet if that process shall continue much longer, we shall, in effect, have no nation worth bothering about. For two things will have happened. First, the great Groups of capitalists that at present have absorbed the control of almost half of the nation's wealth will have absorbed the rest of it so that all others will be merely the hired men of these, subject to a power the most colossal and irresponsible that ever existed on this earth. Second, the standard of living among the workers, now steadily declining under the present system, will have reached a level that no thoughtful man can contemplate without the gravest alarm.

For the simple fact is that the strength of any nation lies solely in the physical welfare of its producers, the working class. There is not a particle of national strength nor public advantage in the accumulation of much money in the hands

of any individual. Physical, mental and moral strength springs exclusively from the masses and does not exist where the masses are ill-fed and hopeless. For a nation to have enormous wealth in the possession of a few means not one thing that is good and everything that is ruinous.

What is at hand for this nation, therefore, is obvious when we contemplate the fact that just as the masses grow poorer the few that are the beneficiaries of the present system grow richer.

While for the masses the cost of living always increases and there is no corresponding increase in wages, this process is a pump that gathers the wealth of the land into the coffers of the men constituting the Two Groups, already representing by far the greatest private fortunes ever possessed in this world.

Also the greatest power.

It is obviously true, therefore, as I said in the beginning of this chapter, that the life of the nation lies in the hands of the working class, and the workers can solve all these problems and remove all these perils if they will.

The one thing needful is that they should unite and begin to vote for themselves instead of voting for the Parasites.

If the country were in danger from a more obvious foe they would not hesitate. Suppose some other nation to land troops upon our soil and practically the whole working class would rally to the defense

of our country. It would do so instinctively and without counting the cost. Workers in every corner of the country would hasten to the recruiting offices to offer their lives, if need be, for the national defense. They would leave their homes and their families for this exalted purpose and feel that in so doing they were but making a sacrifice absolutely demanded by their duty as citizens. Even if the outcome of the war was from the beginning a certainty and they knew that their country was really in no danger of destruction, they would still be willing to make for it so great a sacrifice.

Every man that observed the rush to enlist at the time of the Spanish-American war knows how true this is.

But here is the country threatened by an enemy far worse than any that could possibly land a hostile force upon our shores. Here is a prospect of destruction far greater than could be wrought with cannon or an enemy's fleet. Not only is the national welfare and safety menaced but the future of the worker and of his children. As in the case of the other kind of war, the one source of defenders is in the working class. The sacrifice required is not of lives but simply and only this, that the workers should lay aside every difference that now divides them and ceasing to vote for the Parasites that exploit them begin to vote for themselves, to organize and act for themselves.

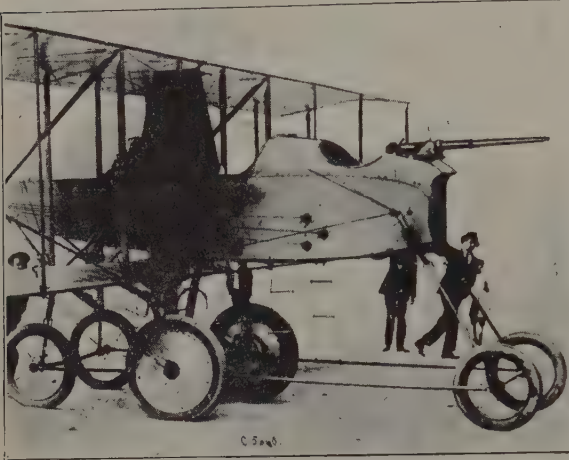
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FRENCH MILITARY AEROPLANE WITH RAPID
FIRE GUN.

WAR IN

BY GEORGE HAV

Photographs
By

WAR in the Air is here. A fleet of aircrafts may change the map of Europe. Dirigibles, biplanes, monoplanes and hydroplanes will probably exterminate thousands of soldiers and thousands of non-combatants, raze scores of cities and devastate miles of fields within the next few months. The winged fighters may turn the balance of power, two or three peoples be assimilated and a handful of monarchs be rudely separated from their dreams of European supremacy.

The airship, the new lord of battle, is the cheapest and most powerful agent of destruction known. Its range is practically unlimited, and it can seldom be successfully attacked except by crafts of its kind.

The airship sees everything and its well tuned wireless apparatus reports the slightest movement of the enemy to the field generals. Not long ago a British army colonel made the statement that one war with airships in the field would end international embroglios. Of course, he was hooted down by his confreres, but gave his reasons.

"The infantry is powerless," he insisted, "if the sky is dotted with aeroplanes. Fifty bombs properly placed can

wreck a fleet, and one dirigible could raze London in twenty-four hours. With the improvement of the flying machine the war lords of Europe will realize the futility of carnage."

War in the Air is on today and it will take only a matter of a few weeks to determine whether the colonel is right or not. If his forecast is correct England, France, Germany and Russia may be forced to agree to cease hostilities to avoid the extinction of their people and the destruction of their commercial life.

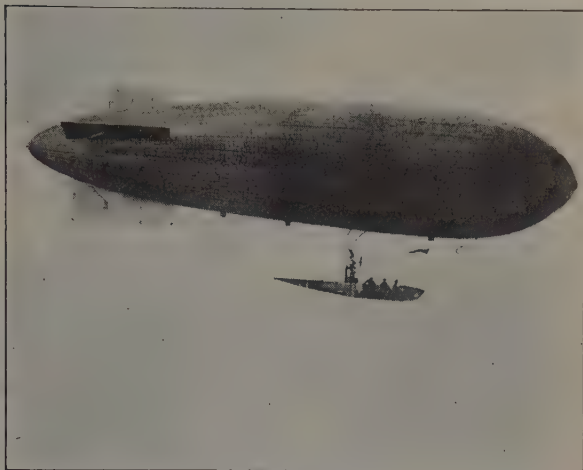
These four countries are the air lords of Europe. France has nearly a thousand military machines. In the fall of 1913 the Republic owned 344 monoplanes and biplanes of the latest type; had a hundred more under construction and had access to 500 of an earlier pattern. Besides these she had 25 dirigibles for army use and 20 more for the navy. But the balloons being non-rigid, are not of the most improved type. France has now several modern dirigibles.

Russia is not far behind France in the mastery of the air although it is generally conceded that England is well equipped. The Czar has always maintained a strict secrecy as to Russia's number and the patterns of her airships. But

THE AIR

LEY EMANUEL

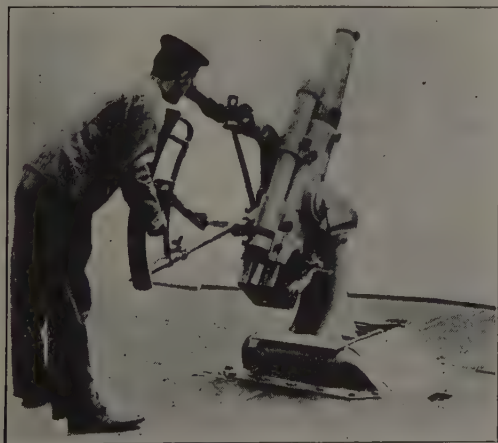
International
News Service.



ENGLISH WAR BALLOON—THE GAMMA.

she is known to possess more than 500 planes and over a dozen dirigibles.

The Kaiser's domain has always been the real home of the lighter than air machine. The government has taken up the work of Count Zeppelin, improved upon and appropriated it for its own use. The Kaiser now has 28 modern rigid dirigibles all capable of carrying from fifteen to thirty passengers and from twenty to thirty tons of nitro-glycerine cartridges capable of destroying London or Paris.



GERMAN DISAPPEARING AEROPLANE GUN
MOUNTED ON SUBMARINE.

They are all equipped with wireless apparatus capable of flashing messages 800 miles. Besides these huge balloons the Kaiser's army has 200 modern heavier than air machines and 270 of older pattern.

Military critics predict that the present international conflict will come at night. A few German dirigibles could hover over Paris in the dark at a height of 700 feet dropping bombs every few minutes and make a poor target for other air crafts unless powerful searchlights were used. At daybreak they could fly for the rural districts and destroy the food supply of the nation. The newest Zeppelins can remain in the air three days without returning for gas.

France would be helpless from attack were it not for her fleet of wonderful monoplanes. Paris might already have been attacked and destroyed if dozens of daring aviators had not constantly protected the city. At the very start of the conflict between France and Germany two mammoth dirigibles made for Paris, but they encountered a fleet of nearly a dozen watchful monoplanes and were promptly driven back to German territory. The pursuit did not continue across the border. Doubtless France did



FRENCH BICYCLE CORPS CO-OPERATING WITH AEROPLANE.

not care to invoke the fire of the airship guns of the Germans, which can be carried from point to point and even fastened to submarines.

In the land of the Tricolor today patriotic citizens are all singing the praises of Roland Garros, the French aviator who sacrificed his life at Cirey-les-Forges, August 2nd, when he rammed his tiny bird-like machine into a ponderous cigar-shaped Zeppelin and exploded the gas bag, sending both crafts crashing to the earth. All of the twenty-six German officers who were in the balloon and Garros, himself, were killed. The little Frenchman must have known that it meant certain death to puncture the gas bag, and for that reason his countrymen hail him as a great hero.

When the conflict is over it may be that this act of Garros will be the beginning of the end of patriotic homicide. Nothing more ghastly can be conceived than a war above the clouds with hundreds of men falling to death to protect property interests or to satisfy the ambitions of a power-crazed monarch.

For the past five years every European power has been preparing for war above ground. Every parliament has been asked to appropriate more and still more money for air craft. Austria now has 20 mono-

planes, six biplanes, four dirigibles and four hydroplanes. Belgium has a few dirigibles and several heavier-than-air crafts. England has 101 air crafts, Bulgaria 15, Holland 12, Servia 0, Japan 21 and Italy over 600.

If the Italian government is drawn into the war whirlpool her aerial fleet may turn the tables. If she remains neutral it is possible that the decisive conflict may take place two or three miles above the solid earth. At the time this article is written, the German army is bombarding Belgium forts and the French troops are hurrying to meet them.

Suppose the great forces meet at Waterloo and that the Russian army is able to cross the German border and is hastening to cut off German retreat and that the Austrian army is coming up from the South to aid her German ally. Suppose each army sends out a fleet of airplanes for scouting purposes.

In such event there would be many skirmishes in the air. If few aviators were killed the infantry, which is the backbone of the fighting force, could be kept sleepless by the menace of the monoplanes. Every move of each company could be flashed to headquarters by wireless; bombs dropped on powder magazines and commissary wagons. Whoe



GERMAN WAR SIGNALING BALLOON.

companies of soldiers would be annihilated by deadly gas bombs, and water supplies poisoned.

On the other hand the English would have joined the French and be advancing upon the old historic battlefield. The Kaiser's Zeppelins would seek to observe the manoeuvres of all the united opposing forces and would hover above the armies, dropping poisonous gas bombs into the camps, killing hundreds of men with every explosion. Still higher up and darting at them in deadly attack would be the aeroplanes.

Could anything in ancient warfare equal the destruction of such a battle and such a war!

The poisonous gas bomb is another recent invention of the Krupp death factories. It contains nearly 150 pounds of chemicals guaranteed to kill everyone within a hundred yards.

But to go back to our contenders at Waterloo. By the time the armies met they would be in poor fighting condition because of the harrassment by the air crafts at night. Their ammunition may be destroyed, their food supply depleted and their ranks thinned by bombs. Every movement would be known to the enemy and skill in generalship would be a negligible quantity.

Victory would belong to the side of the largest and best air fleet unless the air craft destroyers prove more effective than is anticipated. But victory surely will be the portion of the side that owns the most modern and powerful death-dealing machines. Perhaps we may look for the great aerial battles described so vividly by Mr. H. G. Wells in his last novel, "The World Set Free," wherein he claims that the stupendous destructive power of modern machine guns and air crafts will ultimately banish war from the face of the earth. We need Mr. Wells to describe the modern Waterloo told of old by Victor Hugo.

In "The World Set Free" Mr. Wells predicts a general European war with the English and French joining forces with the Slavs against the Central Europeans.

The following is quoted from his description of a battle in the air:

"The battle was joined with the swiftness of dreaming. I do not think it can have been five minutes from the moment when I first became aware of the Central European air fleet to the contact of the two forces. I saw it quite plainly in silhouette against the luminous blue of the northern sky. The allied aeroplanes—they were mostly French—came pouring down like a fierce shower upon the middle

of the Central European fleet. They looked exactly like a coarser sort of rain. There was a crackling sound—the first sound I heard—it reminded one of the Aurora Borealis, and I suppose it was an interchange of rifle shots. There were flashes like summer lightning; and then all the sky became a whistling confusion of battle that was still largely noiseless. Some of the Central European aeroplanes were certainly charged and overset; others seemed to collapse and fall and then flare out with so bright a light that it took the edge off one's vision and made the rest of the battle disappear as though it had been snatched back out of sight.

"And then, while I still peered and tried to shade these flames from my eyes with my hand, and while the men about me were beginning to stir, the atomic bombs were thrown at the dykes. They made a mighty thunder in the air, and fell like Lucifer in the picture, leaving a flaring trail in the sky. The night, which has been pellucid and detailed and eventful, seemed to vanish, to be replaced

abruptly by a black background to these tremendous pillars of fire. * * *

"Hard upon the sound of them came a roaring wind, and the sky was filled with flickering lightnings and rushing clouds. * * *

"There was something discontinuous in this impact. At one moment I was a lonely watcher in a sleeping world; the next saw everyone about me afoot, the whole world awake and amazed. * * *

"And then the wind had struck me a buffet, taken my helmet and swept aside the summer house of Vreugde Bij Vrede as a scythe sweeps away grass. I saw the bomb fall, and then watched a great crimson flare leap responsive to each impact, and mountainous masses of red-lit steam and flying fragments clamber up toward the zenith. Against the glare I saw the countryside for miles standing black and clear, churches, trees, chimneys. And suddenly I understood. The Central Europeans had burst the dykes. Those flares meant the bursting of the dykes, and in a little while the sea-water would be upon us. * * *



COMPANY OF GERMAN UHLANS, FAMOUS DIVISION OF THE GERMAN ARMY, WHICH PLAYED SUCH A PROMINENT PART IN THE SIEGE AGAINST LIEGE.

Organize With the Unemployed

A NEW WAY TO FIGHT

By Mary E. Marcy

WHAT would happen if we awoke tomorrow morning to find there were ten per cent more jobs than there were working men and women? Think of it! One hundred jobs for every ninety men! We would not be going around looking for work at the old wage scale, would we? And we would not need to.

We would see the employers outbidding each other for men, offering shorter hours and higher pay in order to get workers to run the shops and factories, and we would throw back our shoulders and look the jobs over and pretty nearly dictate our terms to the boss.

Now, by *organizing with the men out of work*, we can bring about just this happy state of affairs.

The *employers of labor are absolutely dependent on the unemployed to keep down wages*. If there were no men or women to take our jobs, we could demand shorter hours and higher pay—in fact, we could soon demand so much that there would be no profits left for the bosses. Then nobody would be able to use the mines and the railroads, the shops and the land for the purpose of making big dividends by exploiting the working class.

Today the capitalist, or employing class, owns all the great tools, or machines, by which things are produced. The employing class owns the land, the mills, the mines and the factories. They own the railroads and the shops. They own these things and *want* to own these things—not for the purpose of raising food for people to eat, or building houses for them to live in, or making clothes for them to wear. They own these things for the purpose of robbing the working class—for the sake of *profits*.

There would be no profits for the employer if all the shoe workers in a factory got \$2,000 in wages when they made \$2,000 worth of shoes. If steel mill

workers secured \$10,000 in pay for making ten thousand dollars' worth of steel rails, the steel mill would be unable to send any dividends over to Scotland to Mr. Carnegie. The men who did the work would get the full value of their product and there would be no rake-off for the useless capitalist.

No profit-grabber would care to own a steel mill or a shoe factory under such conditions. They would have to go to work in the mill or factory alongside you and me.

We are today unable to name the price at which we will sell our strength, or our brains, to the boss because there are scores of unemployed men and women who are offering their brains and muscles at just enough to live on. If we demand higher wages or shorter hours, they will undersell us and get the jobs.

This is how the *employers use the unemployed to keep our wages down*; and it is by keeping wages down that they are able to draw profits from the shops and mills.

The *employers need the unemployed* in order to make profits almost as much as they need workers. It is time we recognized this fact and organized with them *ourselves*. We need the unemployed just as vitally as the bosses do. But all these years we have struggled to hold our jobs, to raise or maintain wages, to secure shorter hours, without taking any account of the thousands of "laid-off" workers who need those jobs just as much as we do.

We call these men scabs when hunger drives them to take our jobs at lower wages, and we even beat them up and drive them out of cities and treat them like our bitterest enemies, all because their need is so great that they are driven to take our jobs at lower wages, to keep from starving.

Can you blame a man whose wife is sick and whose children are crying for food when he goes to work on your job

for a dollar a week less than you are getting? You may find yourself in the same fix week after next.

Would you lower the wage scale and take another man's job in order to pay for a doctor when your wife's new baby is coming? Or would you let her lie in some dingy tenement, uncared for and die? What would you do?

This is the position many of our unemployed comrades find themselves in every day in the year and it is this fear of death and starvation and suffering that forces them to take somebody's job at almost any price.

Now, I do not see how we are ever going to materially raise wages or benefit any very large portion of the working class so long as there is an army of desperately hungry men and women willing and anxious to take our jobs for lower pay.

Consider the situation of our craft union friends. Some of them are organized in so close and exclusive a union that they charge foreign applicants for membership \$1,000 for initiation fees, as do the glass blowers. Other unions have closed their books and are refusing all new members. Still others limit the number of apprentices who are permitted to learn their trade—in order to continue a monopoly of laborers in their own particular craft. These policies do not help the working class at all. And these craft unions are even unable to give jobs to their own members. There are *always thousands of members* of the most *exclusive craft unions* who are out of work.

I know scores of skilled union men who do not have *steady* work six months in the year. And some of them *scab* when there is great need at home.

The point we have to recognize is that the man who was "laid off" yesterday and who is looking for work is precisely the same kind of a human being as you and I.

We workers have been accustomed to regard him as a most undesirable member of society. We have generally shunned him and held on to our jobs more tightly when we saw him come around. But he can always turn to this boss or that boss and, if he is efficient and will work for low enough wages, he can nearly always cut us out of a job.

That is how the boss uses the out-of-works against *us* and against themselves.

Is there any union in the world organized or in the process of organization—for the purpose of co-operating or uniting with, or aiding and finding jobs for the unemployed? If there is I have never heard of it. And until you join with the out-of-works, who *need your jobs today*, you are never going to be able to help yourself or the *working class* to any great extent.

What prevents you from demanding higher wages today? You know and I know it is the men who are *forced* to seek your jobs. The boss can lay you off and put them on at any time.

You are always competing for jobs with the unemployed whether you realize it or not. And you must stop competing with them and begin to realize your need of them and their need of you. We must organize and co-operate with the out-of-works *against* the employing class.

We must stand by the unemployed in order to have them stand by us. When one of the shops closes down, let the men in the other shops unite to share with their out-of-work comrades instead of turning their backs upon them, with the *distinct understanding* that *no one will go to work at less than the prevailing wage scale*.

Isn't it better for a hundred employed men to support ten comrades who are "laid off" than it is to let hunger drive them into your own jobs at lower wages?

Already it is the working class that partially supports the unemployed. But we have not done enough to keep them from being *forced* to take our jobs and to lower the wage scale. Much that we have given has been done grudgingly and half-heartedly. Thousands of unemployed are compelled to sleep in barracks, in jails and in parks. Thousands who apply at the municipal soup kitchens are turned away hungry every night and still others have been driven from cities at the point of guns.

If the men and women *on the jobs* would support their unemployed comrades for one month with the understanding that nobody should go to work for less than the prevailing rate of wages—those on the jobs would be in a position to *dictate new terms* to their employers.

They could demand shorter hours—which would give work to some of those who were unemployed.

Or they could enforce a five-work-day week and force the bosses to employ those who were out of work the other day. The men on the jobs would not long need to share their *wages* with the unemployed. Soon they would be in a position to share their *labors* also.

Remember that as soon as we begin to *control* the *supply* of *workers* or labor power we can shorten hours and raise wages. And the only way we can control the number of applicants for jobs is by *uniting* with the *unemployed*.

Hitherto everybody has despised the *unemployed* except the boss. Now that we realize how much the employers need and use them, perhaps we will be wise enough to rob the enemy of his biggest gun. We need the co-operation of our out-of-work comrades and hereafter we must *organize* with *them* to *present* a *united front* against the boss.

PRIVATE OWNERSHIP.

The employing class desires to own fac-

tories, shops, mills and mines—only because they can force the workers to make profits for them in these shops or mills. The only reason a steel mill brings a big price in Wall Street is because it is a great dividend payer. The moment a railroad stops earning profits it becomes a drug on the market.

When we begin to organize with the unemployed in order to control the supply of the workers' laboring power, we begin to sound the doom of the whole profit system. For as soon as we are partially able to regulate the number of workers for the various jobs, we will begin to gain strength to shorten hours, to raise wages and to put the unemployed to work.

And all this will eat steadily into the profits of the employing class, until the working class shall become strong enough to take the value of its product and the *profit* system, of robbery and of wages, shall come to an end.

Working men *on the job*, unite with your *unemployed* comrades; control your joint labor power, absorb the profits of the boss and the world is yours!

Latest News From South Africa

By TOM MANN

READERS of THE REVIEW may be interested in learning what developments are taking place in South Africa following upon the wholesale imprisonments and the deportations of January last. It will be in the minds of regular readers that in July of 1913 an industrial crisis arose which resulted in favor of the men. Representatives of the Government at that time, particularly Generals Botha and Smutts, entered into undertakings with delegates of the unions which resulted in a stoppage of hostilities. Subsequent events have once more demonstrated the foolishness of relying upon statesmen. Immediately work was resumed, not only did those gentlemen ignore all the apparently sacred promises and pledges they had given, but they immediately proceeded to prepare the military forces at their disposal and to bring others into existence, and as soon as

ready these Cabinet Ministers proceeded to provoke the men to the point of active retaliation.

The railways are state owned, and the railway men were amongst those who had very serious grievances which they desired rectified. Many railway men average about fourteen shillings a day (two dollars), whilst thousands of railway men—white men at that—do not receive more than one dollar a day for full pay, and the purchasing power of money here is less than in the U. S. A.

As a result of the very deliberate maneuvering of the railway departmental administration, it reached the stage when a section of the men determined to resist, and they struck before others could be communicated with. Martial law was declared, shooting, killing, imprisonments and deportings took place.

When I arrived in South Africa at the

end of March I found that the unions had suffered seriously as the result of what they had passed through, for, concurrently with the direction of forces of the government hostile to the workers—particularly the trade unionists—almost every group of employers instructed their managers to institute a policy of victimization. Many hundreds of men were refused work at the mines. Miners, engineers, general workers, whoever had been known to be identified with the unions, were not only refused work, but were blacklisted as well. The railway department issued a list of five hundred and sixty men who are not to be re-employed. This policy, on top of the imprisonment of the most capable of the men, naturally disheartened many, but the militants were more militant still, and are so at this hour, and they are saddled with the heavy work of reorganizing the union forces. The Defense Force, which the political Labor Party had helped to bring into existence, was the chief agency used against the men.

Had real working class solidarity been a fact, neither this force nor any other could have interfered with the success of the men. But real solidarity was not within the mental compass of any but the merest handful, as, for instance, the 15,000 men of all grades and colors in Cape Town. There has never been more than 2,500 organized, and those have never had any organized relationship with other districts except in cases where the union itself covered a larger area. The same is true of Durban in Natal. I have found the greatest contrasts here. Never in my somewhat lengthy experience have I found men more callous and in some instances more cowardly, whilst the militant few are splendidly courageous.

I have had excellent meetings in every district of a public character. It is when I get down to the actual meeting for organizing that I reach bed rock and find obstacles in the way. However, I am glad to say as regards the railway men that there is now a healthy upward tendency for reorganization and in spite of heaps of difficulties there will soon be a powerful body of well organized railway men and harbor workers.

Internationalism has received a filip. The British and Australian organized railway workers have not only sent messages of good will but have also sent substantial sums of money to enable the railway here to solidify their forces.

It is hoped that in a few weeks the deportees will return on the invitation of the organized workers here who, meantime, are relating themselves with their comrades in Europe to prepare for future action.

Not only is reorganization of the unions receiving special attention, but efforts at co-operation are also being made. Thus in Pretoria and several other places co-operative societies have been started and the organized bakers of Johannesburg are now about to launch a co-operative bakery as a preliminary to a reduction of hours and increase of pay to be demanded by them throughout the trade.

Some of the labor politicians have been somewhat scared by my propagandist efforts. They had been urging the workers to the view that everything could be obtained by the ballot, and some of them had never belonged to a trade union. Finding this was a hindrance to political advance, they are now joining the unions, but their influence on the movement is harmful as they are really worshippers of the "state" and have no conception of the control of industry by the men directly engaged in industry.

I am encouraging the men to rely entirely upon themselves, to build up their industrial organizations so correctly that through them and by them they will themselves decide the conditions under which industry shall be run.

Allowance must be made for the large number of workers not of European origin. In British South Africa there are one and a quarter million of whites, almost the same number of colored, i. e., having some white in them, and nearly six millions of blacks. Still the colored men are showing a disposition and capacity to organize, and with increasing intelligence on the part of the whites, the solidarity on the part of all workers as a class becomes necessary and possible and will be achieved.

The Gunmen and the Miners

By Eugene V. Debs

THE time has come for the United Mine Workers and the Western Federation of Miners to levy a special monthly assessment to create a GUNMEN DEFENSE FUND.

This fund should be sufficient to provide each member with the latest high power rifle, the same as used by the corporation gunmen, and 500 rounds of cartridges.

In addition to this every district should purchase and equip and man enough Gatling and machine guns to match the equipment of Rockefeller's private army of assassins.

This suggestion is made advisedly and I hold myself responsible for every word of it.

If the corporations have the right to recruit and maintain private armies of thieves, thugs and ex-convicts to murder striking workingmen, sack their homes, insult their wives, and roast their babes, then labor unions not only have the right but it is their solemn duty to arm themselves to resist these lawless attacks and defend their homes and loved ones.

To the miners especially do these words apply, and to them in particular is this message addressed.

Paint Creek, Calumet and Ludlow are of recent occurrence.

You miners have been forced out on strike, and you have been made the victims of every conceivable method of persecution.

You have been thrown into foul dungeons, you have been robbed, insulted and treated with contempt; you have seen your wives and babes murdered in cold blood before your eyes.

You have been thrown into foul dungeons where you have lain for months for daring to voice your protest against these cruel outrages, and many of you are now cold in death with the gaping bullet wounds in your bodies to bear mute testimony to the efficacy of government by gunmen as set up in the mining camps by the master class during the last few years.

Under government by gunmen you are literally shorn of the last vestige of liberty and you have absolutely no protection under

the law. When you go out on strike, your master has his court issue the injunction that strips you of your power to resist his injustice, and then has his private army of gunmen invade your camp, open fire on your habitations and harass you and your families until the strike is broken and you are starved back into the pits on your master's terms. This has happened over and over again in all the mining states of this union.

Now the private army of gunmen which has been used to break your strikes is an absolutely lawless aggregation.

If you miners were to arm a gang of thugs and assassins with machine guns and repeating rifles and order them to march on the palatial residences of the Rockefellers, riddle them with bullets, and murder the inmates in cold blood, not sparing even the babes, if there happened to be any, how long would it be before your officials would be in jail and your unions throttled and put out of business by the law?

The Rockefellers have not one particle more lawful right to maintain a private army to murder you union men than you union men would have to maintain a private army to murder the Rockefellers.

AND YET THE LAW DOES NOT INTERFERE WITH THE ROCKEFELLERS WHEN THEY SET UP GOVERNMENT BY GUNMEN, AND HAVE THEIR PRIVATE ARMY OF MAN-KILLERS SWEEP DOWN ON A MINING CAMP, TURN LOOSE THEIR MACHINE GUNS, KILL WITHOUT MERCY, AND LEAVE DEATH, AGONY AND DESOLATION IN THEIR WAKE, AND THEREFORE IT BECOMES YOUR SOLEMN DUTY TO ARM YOURSELVES IN DEFENSE OF YOUR HOMES AND IN DRIVING OUT THESE INVADING ASSASSINS, AND PUTTING AN END TO GOVERNMENT BY GUNMEN IN THE UNITED STATES.

In a word, the protection the government owes you and fails to provide, you are morally bound to provide for yourselves.

You have the unquestioned right, under the law, to defend your life and to protect the sanctity of your fireside. Failing in either, you are a coward and a craven and undeserving the name of man.

If a thief or thug attacks you or your wife or child and threatens to take your life, you have a lawful right to defend yourself and your loved ones, even to the extent of slaying the assailant. This right is quite as valid and unimpaired—in fact it is even more inviolate—if the attack is made by a dozen or a hundred, instead of only one.

Rockefeller's gunmen are simply murderers at large, and you have the same right to kill them when they attack you that you have to kill the burglar who breaks into your house at midnight or the highwayman who holds you up at the point of his pistol.

Rockefeller's hired assassins have no lawful right that you miners are bound to respect. They are professional man-killers, the lowest and vilest on earth. They hire out to break your strike, shoot up your home and kill you, and you should have no more compunction in killing them than if they were so many mad-dogs or rattlesnakes that menaced your homes and your community.

Recollect that in arming yourselves, as you are bound to do unless you are willing to be forced into abject slavery, you are safely within the spirit and letter of the law.

The constitution of the United States guarantees to you the right to bear arms, as it does to every other citizen, but there is not a word in this instrument, nor in any United States statute, state law, or city ordinance, that authorizes the existence of a private army for purposes of cold-blooded murder and assassination.

"Mine guard" is simply a master class term for a working class assassin.

Let the United Mine Workers and the Western Federation of Miners take note that a private army of gunmen is simply a gang of outlaws and butchers and that

THEY HAVE NOT A SOLITARY RIGHT AN HONEST WORKINGMAN IS BOUND TO RESPECT!

Let these unions and all other organized bodies of workers that are militant and not subservient to the masters, declare war to

the knife on these lawless and criminal hordes and swear relentless hostility to government by gunmen in the United States.

Murderers are no less murderers because they are hired by capitalists to kill workingmen than if they were hired by workingmen to kill capitalists.

Mine guards, so-called, are murderers pure and simple, and are to be dealt with accordingly. The fact that they are in uniform, as in Colorado, makes them even more loathsome and repulsive than the common reptilian breed.

A "mine guard" in the uniform of a state militiaman is a copper-head in the skin of a rattlesnake, and possibly only because an even deadlier serpent has wriggled his slimy way into the executive chair of the state.

It remains only to be said that we stand for peace, and that we are unalterably opposed to violence and bloodshed if by any possible means, short of absolute degradation and self-abasement, these can be prevented. We believe in law, the law that applies equally to all and is impartially administered, and we prefer reason infinitely to brute force.

But when the law fails, and in fact, becomes the bulwark of crime and oppression, then an appeal to force is not only morally justified, but becomes a patriotic duty.

The Declaration of Independence proclaims this truth in words that burn with the patriotic fervor the revolutionary fathers must have felt when they rose in revolt against the red-coated gunmen of King George and resolved to shoot king rule out of existence.

Wendell Phillips declared that it was the glory of honest men to trample bad laws under foot with contempt, and it is equally their glory to protect themselves in their lawful rights when those who rule the law fail to give them such protection.

Let the unions, therefore, arm their members against the gunmen of the corporations, the gangs of criminals, cut-throats, woman-ravishers and baby-burners that have absolutely no lawful right to existence!

Let organized labor, from one end of the country to the other, declare war on these privately licensed assassins, and let the slogan of every union man in the land be

DOWN WITH GOVERNMENT BY GUNMEN AND ASSASSINATION IN THE UNITED STATES:

The Advent of the Diesel-Motor

By Barbara Lidy Frankenthal

DAY by day more and more of the work of the world is taken up by machinery. In a bulletin recently issued by the U. S. Government, it is estimated that four and one-half million factory workers of the United States turn out a product equal to the hand labor of forty-five million men.

This means that 90 per cent of the work in the factories is done by machinery, or that one man, with the help of machines, is enabled to produce ten times more than he needs; in other words, to satisfy the want of one man for one day, a factory worker requires only one hour, instead of ten, as he is working now. For whom does he work the remaining nine hours?

The bankers, brokers, merchants, soldiers and the whole gang of parasites do not produce one day's need in their whole lifetime; they make money, but do not create wealth. But, one might say, the capitalists' furnishing the machines. But it was the steel mill workers, who did that. The capitalists keep them alive while they are building the machines and then take the machines away from the workers, by power of police, if necessary.

But to come back to the story. A very large part of the machinery, in use, is driven by steam power, which means largely coal power and both the getting and the burning of this coal involves a terrible waste, of human labor.

First the coal is dug from the mines, where one-third of it is lost or left in such shape that it cannot be used. After being brought to daylight, it is shipped by railroads or ships, sometimes thousands of miles, before it comes to the steam engine. Here it is shoveled and burned beneath the boiler to transform the water into steam, my which operation perhaps 90 per cent of the heat escapes unused through the chimneys.

The steam is led into the cylinder to give the piston the to and fro movement through its expansive energy, thereby turning the

power wheel. It so happens that ordinarily not more than five per cent of the stored energy in the coal becomes available for human needs. Even the finest quadruple-expansion engines with all the modern devices for superheated steam, etc., to augment their capacity, do not utilize more than 15 per cent.

By far a greater advance is represented by the gas engines, in which, by first turning the coal into gas and then exploding this in the motors, more than double the amount of energy now becomes available. In the best type of gas engines the yield rises as high as 25 per cent; and in Germany the residual products from turning the coal into gas far more than pay the cost of doing this, so that the gain is clear. But all this is commercially feasible only in the great manufacturing centers and the cities, and, consequently, the gas engine in spite of the great saving it achieves, has yet but a restricted field.

For quite other reasons the same is true of the gasoline, benzine and similar motors such as are used in automobiles. Here the price of petrol is almost prohibitive for commercial purposes and has become increasingly so with the enormous extension in the use of motor cars.

However, we are now on the eve of a new epoch in this line through the invention of Dr. Rudolph Diesel, the German engineer, who so mysteriously disappeared last October on his voyage to England.

It is now 20 years since Dr. Diesel published the first sketch of his remarkable theory and of the motor which was to realize his idea. The motor is simplicity itself. Every school boy knows that if air is compressed very sharply it becomes hot and can be used to explode powder, etc., in a tube. Dr. Diesel's plan was to use the stroke of the piston to compress a considerable volume of air into a very small space, so as to put it under a very high pressure; and at the instant, the pressure reached a maximum, to force into this chamber a jet

of vaporized oil. The compression was to be so high that the air would instantly ignite the oil and burn it under highly favorable conditions. It is a true burning, and not an explosion, as in the ordinary gasoline motor of the automobiles. His idea was taken up by some of the engine works in Germany, but it required fully four years to perfect a commercial device. The superiority of the new motor was evident from the first. Actually it realized a full third of the theoretical heat energy of the oil, and this latter did not need to be gasoline or other expensive essence, but could be ordinary crude oil, such as comes out of the earth. The device is self-igniting, requires no auxiliary system and little or no attention.

It was soon found, however, that the new motor had to be made with exceptional care, and that, therefore, the cost of its development for commercial use was high. The fact that capitalists are not interested in progress as such, but in profit, explains why it is that, in spite of the great economies it achieves, the Diesel motor is only now becoming widely known.

In Germany, at the current price of crude oil, the Diesel motor produces power at from a quarter to a half cent per horsepower-hour. In the United States the cost is rather less. This is far beyond the economy of any other form of engine, and four or five times cheaper than the ordinary steam engine. Its only concurrent is waterpower, and waterpower is not everywhere available, and often requires a heavy outlay that it may be utilized. Crude oil on the other hand may be shipped and stored much more easily than coal, and the supply of it is very large and widely distributed over the earth.

The escaping hot gas from the Diesel motor can be employed for heating, and the by-products which can be obtained from it will, it is estimated, under proper conditions, more than cover the cost of the original fuel, so that the Diesel motor promises to rival the waterfall in future as a producer of the world's power. Like the waterfall, it will, under the most favorable conditions, mean that the expense will be simply the fixed charges of a plant and the cost of maintenance.

It is already evident that the Diesel motor will largely displace steam and this will first make itself felt upon the ships,

not merely because it realizes four or five times the power from the amount or volume of fuel, but it only occupies, together with the motor, about a quarter of the space required for a steam engine and its boilers and coal bunkers. This new motor has already been successfully tried on railroad locomotives and experiments are under way with a view to introduce it for driving automobiles. Most of the leading engine works in Europe have taken up the construction of the Diesel motor in all sizes. A large number of middle sized ships and various municipal power plants are already driven by it. In the United States a powerful company has just been organized for the purpose of constructing these motors and the General Petroleum Company in California is going to erect a plant in San Francisco for the construction of motor ships for the coastwise trade, which, of course, will force the owners of steamers to follow.

Indeed, the development of the crude-oil and coal-tar industry has been so rapid that the running of a Diesel motor may become a source of profit sufficient to cover all charges, and will actually mean power without cost. Consider what this will mean when, at no distant day, nine-tenths of the work of the world will be done by machines operated free of expense!

What the Diesel Motor Means to the Unskilled Laborer

Unskilled labor is synonymous with cheap manual labor. Why is it cheap labor? Because it is worth little? No, quite the contrary; all the brains of the world could not accomplish anything without the manual, executive labor. It is the creative part of work, while brain effort is the directive one. What is the use of a man that has superior brain and excellent ideas, but no arms to bring them into reality?

The low valuation of manual labor has no original basis. The workers, not having free access to either the sources or the means of production of wealth, are compelled to sell their labor power at the market price. The market price of any commodity is determined by the cost of production of that commodity, varying somewhat according to the relation of supply to demand. The market price of labor power is determined by the cost of produc-

tion of that labor power, not by the value of labor's product. Unskilled or manual labor is cheapest everywhere because there are so many who have a chance to do that kind of work, as there is nothing to *learn*. If so many had a chance to become lawyers, the municipal lodging houses would be besieged by lawyers. As to the cheapness of production, the labor power of the Diesel motor leaves everything far behind.

A Chinese laborer in China receives about 10 cents for a day's work, because it does not require more to keep him alive. One horse power of the Diesel motor turns out at least three or four times the amount of the work of the Chinese laborer for sixty minutes every hour and twenty-four hours every day, without grumbling, rest or sleep, and all this for 10 cents. All the "Diesel motor man" requires is a little oil for his stomach and a little bit of oil for his joints; he never strikes, nor does he care for holidays. This machine requires no food when out of work. In short, this is indeed a "willing and loyal" worker for the employer.

To give a vivid idea of the fearful competition of the Diesel motor, one must imagine an invasion of hordes of strong and tireless men from an unknown country that are willing to work incessantly for twenty-four hours every day for about 10 cents. Wherever there is work done by a gang that possibly can be done by machine power, the "Diesel motor men" will take it away from the unskilled laborers, those extravagant gentlemen who ask a fair wage for a fair day's work.

To Firemen and Machinists

Fireman? The Diesel motor will fire him. It has no use for firemen, no more than it has for coal-passers. A turn of the valve of the oil-supply pipe is all that is necessary to do away with the drudgerous work of the firemen and coal-passers.

The motor itself is so simple and so well regulated that trained machinists can be dispensed with. While they might be preferred, the number of their jobs will be greatly reduced. So, for instance, in the engine and boiler-rooms of these big modern ocean steamers about 300 to 400 coal-passers, firemen and machinists are now employed. If Diesel motors are installed, thirty or forty machinists and helpers will be amply sufficient to run them.

To Coal Miners and Railroad Men

Without going into details as to what extent the world's output of coal will be affected by the advent of the Diesel motor as a power and heat-producing means, it is safe to say that coal miners will lose their best weapon in the struggle against the oppressing class by it.

When the Diesel motor has supplanted the steam engine of the private and municipal plants, also of railroads and steamships, the necessity of coal will be no more of such an imperative nature as it is today. Coal will then occupy but a secondary position in modern industries.

Therefore, the future strikes of the coal miners will not have the same compelling strength and important consequences as they have at present. No more will it be possible to stop the country's railroads, to shut down factories and to cripple the world's commerce by tying up the steamships as it has been attained lately during the coal miners' strike in Great Britain.

The same is the case with the railroad men. A well organized railroad strike has the same, if not a stronger, effect than a miner's strike; the coal is of no use in front of the mines, the railroad men must first bring it to the place where it is needed. The coal traffic is indeed the chief item of railroad transportation, at least this is so in the United States. Not even a combined strike of the miners and the railroad men will have a reasonable fraction of the fundamental effect that a strike of either has today. The reason for this is that the oil for the Diesel motors undoubtedly will be conveyed to the industrial centers and to the sea coast through pipe lines, as it is largely done nowadays.

To the Small Farmers and Farm Hands

More power is spent through the plow than in all the factories in the world. The toil of turning the cultivated face of the earth once each year by the plow consumes more power than all the railways, street cars and automobiles combined. For every single acre of land, a man with plow and team must traverse a distance of eight miles. In order to run the mechanism of the farms in the United States alone, it requires 20 million horses and mules. According to the U. S. Agricultural Department, a horse needs five acres yearly

for keep, so that it necessitates 100 million acres to produce the motive power to run the farms. This is a larger area than is required for raising the country's crops of wheat, potatoes, rye and rice. On the other hand, the continuous rise in value of farm land does the rest to make a change for another source of motive power absolutely indispensable.

And the change is at hand. It is the tractor that will replace the horses and most of the farm hands and also squeeze out the small farmer. The onmarch of the farm tractor is so sudden and victorious that the U. S. census of 1910 did not bring out any statistical figures about it, while now the yearly output is more than 50 thousand of these machines. They may be considered as having a combined working capacity of about twenty-five horses and ten men, which can be doubled if circumstances call for it.

The uses of the all-round tractor in the field, shop and barn are indeed numberless, and any intelligent farm hand can learn in a few hours to operate them. This tractor can do the plowing right behind the binder when it is too hot for the horses to do it, and, with a headlight, may be operated during the night. The plowing done by the tractor is not only better, but also one dollar cheaper per acre than it can be accomplished with horses. Besides, it can be used for seeding, harvesting, threshing, hay baling, hauling grain to the market, pumping water, road building, and so on. This wonderful adaptability of the tractor can be exploited to its full advantage on big farms only, where there is enough work for it. On the other hand, it is too expensive for the small farmer to buy.

The farm tractor was the missing link in the combination that made it possible to manage agriculture on a big scale and along strictly capitalistic business lines. Therefore, every improvement of the farm tractor will strengthen and hasten the passing of the small farmer. According to the U. S. census of 1910 more than 30 thousand small farms went out of business in the three best middle west states of Indiana, Illinois and Iowa, while the population of their rural districts showed a decrease of 255,002 persons during the time of 1900 to 1910.

Not only the capitalist's tractors do better, cheaper and quicker work, but also they

stand in the barn without any extra expense during the winter or when out of work, while the small farmer's horses are eating their heads off.

All tractors now in use are driven by high priced fuel, such as gasoline, kerosene, etc. The coming of the Diesel tractor, therefore, will further lessen the running expenses of the capitalist farm and thereby contribute to outdistance the small farmer more and more in his struggle for existence.

It is evident that many farm hands will lose their jobs as long as this kind of "progress" is going on.

Conclusions

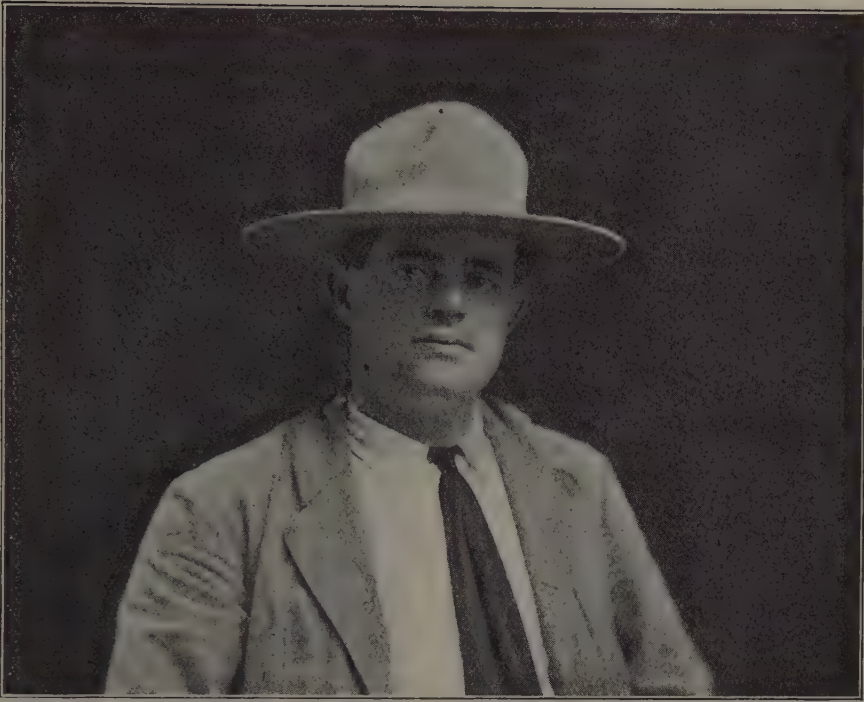
The foregoing lines give a clear instance of how the master class gains ground from the working class through one single invention. There come every day new inventions that have similar consequences to those of the Diesel motor. Almost every invention in machinery has as its purpose increased production with less human help, and that means a loss to the workers under present conditions.

In order to avoid complete annihilation or to make any headway at all, the working class must completely change its attitude in the class struggle against the masters. Up to the present time the workers have fought only when they were forced to do so. They strike or take similar drastic measures when the cost of living has gone up to such an extent that they cannot live on the prevailing wages, or they cannot endure any longer the shameful working conditions.

In short, the workers have always been on the defensive to recover *lost* ground, so that after the fight they are in the same position as some time before the fight. The spirit of *defense*, however, is "NOT TO LOSE." That is all.

To go toward victory in the industrial revolution that is already in its beginning stage, the workers must embue their brains with the spirit of *attack*. That means, "TO WIN."

They must continuously *attack* and fight, both industrially and politically, for a steady betterment of their lot and working conditions. There can be no standing still. There is either advance to victory and freedom or retreat to eternal slavery and misery.



JACK LONDON.

THE ENEMY OF ALL THE WORLD

By Jack London

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IT WAS Silas Bannerman who finally ran down that scientific wizard and arch-enemy of mankind, Emil Gluck. Gluck's confession, before he went to the electric chair, threw much light upon the series of mysterious events, many apparently unrelated, that so perturbed the world between the years 1933 and 1941. It was not until that remarkable document was made public that the world dreamed of there being any connection between the assassination of the King and Queen of Portugal and the murders of the New York City police officers. While the deeds of Emil Gluck were all that

was abominable, we cannot but feel, to a certain extent, pity for the unfortunate, malformed, and maltreated genius. This side of his story has never been told before, and from his confession and from the great mass of evidence and the documents and records of the time we are able to construct a fairly accurate portrait of him, and to discern the factors and pressures that moulded him into the human monster he became and that drove him onward and downward along the fearful path he trod.

Emil Gluck was born in Syracuse, New York, in 1895. His father, Josephus

Gluck, was a special policeman and night watchman, who, in the year 1900, died suddenly of pneumonia. The mother, a pretty, fragile creature, who, before her marriage, had been a milliner, grieved herself to death over the loss of her husband. This sensitiveness of the mother was the heritage that in the boy became morbid and horrible.

In 1901, the boy, Emil, then six years of age, went to live with his aunt, Mrs. Ann Bartell. She was his mother's sister, but in her breast was no kindly feeling for the sensitive, shrinking boy. Ann Bartell was a vain, shallow, and heartless woman. Also, she was cursed with poverty and burdened with a husband who was a lazy, erratic ne'er-do-well. Young Emil Gluck was not wanted, and Ann Bartell could be trusted to impress this fact sufficiently upon him. As an illustration of the treatment he received in that early, formative period, the following instance is given.

When he had been living in the Bartell home a little more than a year, he broke his leg. He sustained the injury through playing on the forbidden roof—as all boys have done and will continue to do to the end of time. The leg was broken in two places between the knee and thigh. Emil, helped by his frightened playmates, managed to drag himself to the front sidewalk, where he fainted. The children of the neighborhood were afraid of the hard-featured shrew who presided over the Bartell house; but, summoning their resolution, they rang the bell and told Ann Bartell of the accident. She did not even look at the little lad who lay stricken on the sidewalk, but slammed the door and went back to her wash-tub. The time passed. A drizzle came on, and Emil Gluck, out of his faint, lay sobbing in the rain. The leg should have been set immediately. As it was, the inflammation rose rapidly and made a nasty case of it. At the end of two hours, the indignant women of the neighborhood protested to Ann Bartell. This time she came out and looked at the lad. Also she kicked him in the side as he lay helpless at her feet, and she hysterically disowned him. He was not her child, she said, and recommended that the ambulance be called to take him to the city receiving hospital. Then she went back into the house.

It was a woman, Elizabeth Shepstone, who came along, learned the situation, and had the boy placed on a shutter. It was she who called the doctor, and who, brushing aside Ann Bartell, had the boy carried into the house. When the doctor arrived, Ann Bartell promptly warned him that she would not pay him for his services. For two months the little Emil lay in bed, the first month on his back without once being turned over; and he lay neglected and alone, save for the occasional visits of the unremunerated and over-worked physician. He had no toys, nothing with which to beguile the long and tedious hours. No kind word was spoken to him, no soothing hand laid upon his brow, no single touch or act of loving tenderness—naught but the reproaches and harshness of Ann Bartell, and the continually reiterated information that he was not wanted. And it can well be understood, in such environment, how there was generated in the lonely, neglected boy much of the bitterness and hostility for his kind that later was to express itself in deeds so frightful as to terrify the world.

It would seem strange that, from the hands of Ann Bartell, Emil Gluck should have received a college education; but the explanation is simple. Her ne'er-do-well husband, deserting her, made a strike in the Nevada gold-fields, and returned to her a many-times millionaire. Ann Bartell hated the boy, and immediately she sent him to the Farristown Academy, a hundred miles away. Shy and sensitive, a lonely and misunderstood little soul, he was more lonely than ever at Farristown. He never came home, at vacation and holidays, as the other boys did. Instead, he wandered about the deserted buildings and grounds, befriended and misunderstood by the servants and gardeners, reading much, it is remembered, spending his days in the fields or before the fireplace with his nose poked always in the pages of some book. It was at this time that he over-used his eyes and was compelled to take up the wearing of glasses, which same were so prominent in the photographs of him published in the newspapers in 1941.

He was a remarkable student. Application such as his would have taken him far; but he did not need application. A glance at a text meant mastery for him.

The result was that he did an immense amount of collateral reading and acquired more in half a year than did the average student in half a dozen years. In 1909, barely fourteen years of age, he was ready—"more than ready," the headmaster of the academy said—to enter Yale or Harvard. His juvenility prevented him from entering those universities, and so, in 1909, we find him a freshman at historic Bowdoin College. In 1913 he graduated with highest honors, and immediately afterward followed Professor Bradlough to Berkeley, California. The one friend that Emil Gluck discovered in all his life was Professor Bradlough. The latter's weak lungs had led him to exchange Maine for California, the removal being facilitated by the offer of a professorship in the State University. Throughout the year 1914, Emil Gluck resided in Berkeley and took special scientific courses. Toward the end of that year two deaths changed his prospects and his relations with life. The death of Professor Bradlough took from him the one friend he was ever to know, and the death of Ann Bartell left him penniless. Hating the unfortunate lad to the last, she cut him off with one hundred dollars.

The following year, at twenty years of age, Emil Gluck was enrolled as an instructor of chemistry in the University of California. Here the years passed quietly; he faithfully performed the drudgery that brought him his salary, and, a student always, he took half a dozen degrees. He was, among other things, a Doctor of Sociology, of Philosophy, and of Science, though he was known to the world, in later days, only as Professor Gluck.

He was twenty-seven years old when he first sprang into prominence in the newspapers through the publication of his book, "Sex and Progress." The book remains today a mile-stone in the history and philosophy of marriage. It is a heavy tome of over seven hundred pages, painfully careful and accurate, and startlingly original. It was a book for scientists, and not one calculated to make a stir. But Gluck, in the last chapter, using barely three lines for it, mentioned the hypothetical desirability of trial marriages. At once the newspapers seized

these three lines, "played them up yellow," as the slang was in those days, and set the whole world laughing at Emil Gluck, the bespectacled young professor of twenty-seven. Photographers snapped him, he was besieged by reporters, women's clubs throughout the land passed resolutions condemning him and his immoral theories; and on the floor of the California Assembly, while discussing the state appropriation to the University, a motion demanding the expulsion of Gluck was made under threat of withholding the appropriation—of course, none of his persecutors had read the book; the twisted newspaper version of only three lines of it was enough for them. Here began Emil Gluck's hatred for newspaper men. By them his serious and intrinsically valuable work of six years had been made a laughing stock and a notoriety. To his dying day, and to their everlasting regret, he never forgave them.

It was the newspapers that were responsible for the next disaster that befell him. For the five years following the publication of his book he had remained silent, and silence for a lonely man is not good. One can conjecture sympathetically the awful solitude of Emil Gluck in that populous university; for he was without friends and without sympathy. His only recourse was books, and he went on reading and studying enormously. But in 1927 he accepted an invitation to appear before the Human Interest Society of Emeryville. He did not trust himself to speak, and as we write we have before us a copy of his learned paper. It is sober, scholarly, and scientific, and, it must also be added, conservative. But in one place he dealt with, and I quote his words, "the industrial and social revolution that is taking place in society." A reporter, present, seized upon the word "revolution," divorced it from the text, and wrote a garbled account that made Emil Gluck appear an anarchist. At once, "Professor Gluck, anarchist," flamed over the wires and was appropriately "featured" in all the newspapers in the land.

He had attempted to reply to the previous newspaper attack, but now he remained silent. Bitterness had already corroded his soul. The University fac-

ulty appealed to him to defend himself, but he sullenly declined, even refusing to enter in defense a copy of his paper to save himself from expulsion. He refused to resign, and was discharged from the University faculty. It must be added that political pressure had been put upon the University Regents and the President.

Persecuted, maligned and misunderstood, the forlorn and lonely man made no attempt at retaliation. All his life he had been sinned against, and all his life he had sinned against no one. But his cup of bitterness was not yet full to overflowing. Having lost his position, and being without any income, he had to find work. His first place was at the Union Iron Works, in San Francisco, where he proved a most able draughtsman. It was here that he obtained his first-hand knowledge of battleships and their construction. But the reporters discovered him and featured him in his new vocation. He immediately resigned and found another place; but after the reporters had driven him away from half a dozen positions, he steeled himself to brazen out the newspaper persecution. This occurred when he started his electro-plating establishment in Oakland, on Telegraph avenue. It was a small shop, employing three men and two boys. Gluck himself worked long hours. Night after night, as Policeman Carew testified on the stand, he did not leave the shop till one and two in the morning. It was during this period that he perfected the improved ignition device for gas engines, the royalties from which ultimately made him wealthy.

He started his electro-plating establishment early in the spring of 1928, and it was in the same year that he formed the disastrous love attachment for Irene Tackley. Now, it is not to be imagined that an extraordinary creature such as Emil Gluck could be any other than an extraordinary lover. In addition to his genius, his loneliness, and his morbidness, it must be taken into consideration that he knew nothing about women. Whatever tides of desire flooded his being, he was unschooled in the conventional expression of them; while his excessive timidity was bound to make his love-making unusual. Irene Tackley was a

rather pretty young woman, but shallow and light-headed. At the time she worked in a small candy store across the street from Gluck's shop. He used to come in and drink ice-cream sodas and lemon-squashes, and stare at her. It seems the girl did not care for him, and merely played with him. He was "queer," she said; and at an other time she called him a crank when describing how he sat at the counter and peered at her through his spectacles, blushing and stammering when she took notice of him and often leaving the shop in precipitate confusion.

Gluck made her the most amazing presents—a silver tea service, a diamond ring, a set of furs, opera glasses, a ponderous "History of the World" in many volumes, and a motorcycle all silver-plated in his own shop. Enters now the girl's lover, putting his foot down, showing great anger, compelling her to return Gluck's strange assortment of presents. This man, William Sherbourne, was a gross and stolid creature, a heavy-jawed man of the working class, who had become a successful building contractor in a small way. Gluck did not understand. He tried to get an explanation, attempting to speak with the girl when she went home from work in the evening. She complained to Sherbourne, and one night he gave Gluck a beating. It was a very severe beating, for it is on the records of the Red Cross Emergency Hospital that Gluck was treated there that night and was unable to leave the hospital for a week.

Still Gluck did not understand. He continued to seek an explanation from the girl. In fear of Sherbourne, he applied to the Chief of Police for permission to carry a revolver, which permission was refused, the newspapers as usual playing it up sensationally. Then came the murder of Irene Tackley, six days before her contemplated marriage with Sherbourne. It was on a Saturday night. She had worked late in the candy store, departing after eleven o'clock with her week's wages in her purse. She rode on a San Pablo avenue surface car to Thirty-fourth street, where she alighted and started to walk the three blocks to her home. That was the last seen of her alive. Next morning she was found, strangled, in a vacant lot.

Emil Gluck was immediately arrested. Nothing that he could do could save him. He was convicted, not merely on circumstantial evidence, but on evidence "cooked up" by the Oakland police. There is no discussion but that a large portion of the evidence was manufactured. The testimony of Captain Shehan was the sheerest perjury, it being proved long afterward that on the night in question he had not only not been in the vicinity of the murder, but that he had been out of the city in a resort on the San Leandro Road. The unfortunate Gluck received life imprisonment in San Quentin, while the newspapers and the public held that it was a miscarriage of justice—that the death penalty should have been visited upon him.

Gluck entered San Quentin prison on April 17, 1929. He was then thirty-four years of age. And for three years and a half, much of the time in solitary confinement, he was left to meditate upon the injustice of man. It was during that period that his bitterness corroded home and he became a hater of all his kind. Three other things he did during the same period; he wrote his famous treatise, "Human Morals," his remarkable brochure, "The Criminal Sane," and he worked out his awful and monstrous scheme of revenge. It was an episode that had occurred in his electro-plating establishment that suggested to him his unique weapon of revenge. As stated in his confession, he worked every detail out theoretically during his imprisonment, and was able, on his release, immediately to embark on his career of vengeance.

His release was sensational. Also it was miserably and criminally delayed by the soulless legal red tape then in vogue. On the night of February 1, 1932, Tim Haswell, a hold-up man, was shot during an attempted robbery by a citizen of Piedmont Heights. Tim Haswell lingered three days, during which time he not only confessed to the murder of Irene Tackley, but furnished conclusive proofs of the same. Bert Danniker, a convict dying of consumption in Pelson Prison, was implicated as accessory, and his confession followed. It is inconceivable to us of today—the bungling, dilatory, processes of justice a generation ago. Emil Gluck was proved in Feb-

ruary to be an innocent man, yet he was not released until the following October. For eight months, a greatly wronged man, he was compelled to undergo his unmerited punishment. This was not conducive to sweetness and light, and we can well imagine how he ate his soul with bitterness during those dreary eight months.

He came back to the world in the fall of 1932, as usual a "feature" topic in all the newspapers. The papers, instead of expressing heartfelt regret, continued their old sensational persecution. One paper did more—the "San Francisco Intelligencer." John Hartwell, its editor, elaborated an ingenious theory that got around the confessions of the two criminals and went to show that Gluck was responsible, after all, for the murder of Irene Tackley. Hartwell died. And Sherbourne died, too, while Policeman Phillips was shot in the leg and discharged from the Oakland police force.

The murder of Hartwell was long a mystery. He was alone in his editorial office at the time. The reports of the revolver were heard by the office boy, who rushed in to find Hartwell expiring in his chair. What puzzled the police was the fact, not merely that he had been shot with his own revolver, but that the revolver had been exploded in the drawer of his desk. The bullets had torn through the front of the drawer and entered his body. The police scouted the theory of suicide, murder was dismissed as absurd, and the blame was thrown upon the Eureka Smokeless Cartridge Company. Spontaneous explosion was the police explanation, and the chemists of the cartridge company were well bullied at the inquest. But what the police did not know was that across the street, in the Mercer Building, Room 633, rented by Emil Gluck, had been occupied by Emil Gluck at the very moment Hartwell's revolver so mysteriously exploded.

At the time, no connection was made between Hartwell's death and the death of William Sherbourne. Sherbourne had continued to live in the home he had built for Irene Tackley, and one morning in January, 1933, he was found dead. Suicide was the verdict of the coroner's inquest, for he had been shot by his own revolver. The curious thing that

happened that night was the shooting of Policeman Phillips on the sidewalk in front of Sherbourne's house. The policeman crawled to a police telephone on the corner and rang up for an ambulance. He claimed that some one had shot him from behind in the leg. The leg in question was so badly shattered by three .38 caliber bullets that amputation was necessary. But when the police discovered that the damage had been done by his own revolver, a great laugh went up, and he was charged with having been drunk. In spite of his denial of having touched a drop, and of his persistent assertion that the revolver had been in his hip pocket and that he had not laid finger to it, he was discharged from the force. Emil Gluck's confession, six years later, cleared the unfortunate policeman of disgrace, and he is alive today and in good health, the recipient of a handsome pension from the city.

Emil Gluck, having disposed of his immediate enemies, now sought a wider field, though his enmity for newspaper men and for the police remained always active. The royalties on his ignition device for gasoline engines had mounted up while he lay in prison, and year by year the earning power of his invention increased. He was independent, able to travel wherever he willed over the earth and to glut his monstrous appetite for revenge. He had become a monomaniac and an anarchist—not a philosophic anarchist, merely, but a violent anarchist. Perhaps the word is misused, and he is better described as a nihilist, or an annihilist. It is known that he affiliated with none of the groups of terrorists. He operated wholly alone, but he created a thousand-fold more terror and achieved a thousand-fold more destruction than all the terrorist groups added together.

He signalized his departure from California by blowing up Fort Mason. In his confession he spoke of it as a little experiment—he was merely trying his hand. For eight years he wandered over the earth, a mysterious terror, destroying property to the tune of hundreds of millions of dollars, and destroying countless lives. One good result of his awful deeds was the destruction he wrought among the terrorists themselves. Every time he did anything the terrorists in the

vicinity were gathered in by the police drag-net and many of them were executed. Seventeen were executed at Rome alone, following the assassination of the Italian King.

Perhaps the most world-amazing achievement of his was the assassination of the King and Queen of Portugal. It was their wedding day. All possible precautions had been taken against the terrorists, and the way from the Cathedral, through Lisbon's streets, was double-banked with troops, while a squad of two hundred mounted troopers surrounded the carriage. Suddenly the amazing thing happened. The automatic rifles of the troopers began to go off, as well as the rifles, in the immediate vicinity, of the double-banked infantry. In the excitement the muzzles of the exploding rifles were turned in all directions. The slaughter was terrible—horses, troops, spectators, and the King and Queen, were riddled with bullets. To complicate the affair, in different parts of the crowd behind the foot-soldiers, two terrorists had bombs explode on their persons. These bombs they had intended to throw if they got the opportunity. But who was to know this? The frightful havoc wrought by the bursting bombs but added to the confusion; it was considered part of the general attack.

One puzzling thing that could not be explained away was the conduct of the troopers with their exploding rifles. It seemed impossible that they should be in the plot, yet there were the hundreds their flying bullets had slain, including the King and Queen. On the other hand, more baffling than ever, was the fact that seventy per cent of the troopers themselves had been killed or wounded. Some explained this on the ground that the loyal foot-soldiers, witnessing the attack on the royal carriage, had opened fire on the traitors. Yet not one bit of evidence to verify this could be drawn from the survivors, though many were put to the torture. They contended stubbornly that they had not discharged their rifles at all, but that their rifles had discharged themselves. They were laughed at by the chemists, who held that, while it was just barely probable that a single cartridge, charged with the new smokeless powder, might spontaneously explode, it

was beyond all probability and possibility for all the cartridges in a given area, so charged, spontaneously to explode. And so, in the end, no explanation of the amazing occurrence was reached. The general opinion of the rest of the world was that the whole affair was a blind panic of the feverish Latins, precipitated, it was true, by the bursting of two terrorist bombs; and in this connection was recalled the laughable encounter of long years before between the Russian fleet and the English fishing boats.

And Emil Gluck chuckled and went his way. He knew. But how was the world to know? He had stumbled upon the secret in his old electro-plating shop on Telegraph Avenue in the city of Oakland. It happened, at that time, that a wireless telegraph station was established by the Thurston Power Company close to his shop. In a short time his electro-plating vat was put out of order. The vat-wiring had many bad joints, and, on investigation, Gluck discovered minute welds at the joints in the wiring. These, by lowering the resistance, had caused an excessive current to pass through the solution, "boiling" it and spoiling the work. But what had caused the welds? was the question in Gluck's mind. His reasoning was simple. Before the establishment of the wireless station, the vat had worked well. Not until after the establishment of the wireless station had the vat been ruined. Therefore the wireless station had been the cause. But how? He quickly answered the question. If an electric discharge was capable of operating a coherer across three thousand miles of ocean, then, certainly, the electric discharges from the wireless station four hundred feet away could produce coherer effects on the bad joints in the vat wiring.

Gluck thought no more about it at the time. He merely re-wired his vat and went on electro-plating. But afterwards, in prison, he remembered the incident, and like a flash there came into his mind the full significance of it. He saw in it the silent, secret weapon with which to revenge himself on the world. His great discovery, which died with him, was control over the direction and scope of the electric discharge. At the time, this was the unsolved problem of wireless tele-

graphy—as it still is today—but Emil Gluck, in his prison cell, mastered it. And, when he was released, he applied it. It was fairly simple, given the directing power that was his, to introduce a spark into the powder-magazines of a fort, a battleship, or a revolver. And not alone could he thus explode powder at a distance, but he could ignite conflagrations. The great Boston fire was started by him—quite by accident, however, as he stated in his confession, adding that it was a pleasing accident and that he had never had any reason to regret it.

It was Emil Gluck that caused the terrible German-American War, with the loss of 800,000 lives and the consumption of almost incalculable treasure. It will be remembered that in 1939, because of the Pickard incident, strained relations existed between the two countries. Germany, though aggrieved, was not anxious for war, and, as a peace token, sent the Crown Prince and seven battleships on a friendly visit to the United States. On the night of February 15 the seven warships lay at anchor in the Hudson opposite New York City. And on that night Emil Gluck, alone, with all his apparatus on board, was out in a launch. This launch, it was afterwards proved, was bought by him from the Ross, Turner Company, while much of the apparatus he used that night had been purchased from the Columbia Electric Works. But this was not known at the time. All that was known was that the seven battleships blew up, one after another, at regular, four-minute intervals. Ninety per cent of the crews and officers, along with the Crown Prince, perished. Many years before, the American battleship Maine was blown up in the harbor of Havana, and war with Spain had immediately followed—though there has always existed a reasonable doubt as to whether the explosion was due to conspiracy or accident. But accident could not explain the blowing up of the seven battleships on the Hudson at four-minute intervals. Germany believed that it had been done by a submarine, and immediately declared war. It was six months after Gluck's confession that she returned the Philippines and Hawaii to the United States.

In the meanwhile Emil Gluck, the malevolent wizard and arch-hater, traveled his whirlwind path of destruction. He left no traces. Scientifically thorough, he always cleaned up after himself. His method was to rent a room or a house, and secretly to install his apparatus—which apparatus, by the way, he so perfected and simplified that it occupied little space. After he had accomplished his purpose he carefully removed the apparatus. He bade fair to live out a long life of horrible crime.

The epidemic of shooting of New York City policemen was a remarkable affair. It became one of the horror mysteries of the time. In two short weeks over a hundred policemen were shot in the legs by their own revolvers. Inspector Jones did not solve the mystery, but it was his idea that finally outwitted Gluck. On his recommendation the policemen ceased carrying revolvers, and no more accidental shootings occurred.

It was in the early spring of 1940 that Gluck destroyed the Mare Island navy yard. From a room in Vallejo he sent his electric discharges across the Vallejo Straits to Mare Island. He first played his flashes on the battleship *Maryland*. She lay at the dock of one of the mine magazines. On her forward deck, on a huge temporary platform of timbers, were disposed over a hundred mines. These mines were for the defence of the Golden Gate. Any one of these mines was capable of destroying a dozen battleships, and there were over a hundred mines. The destruction was terrific, but it was only Gluck's overture. He played his flashes down the Mare Island shore, blowing up five torpedo boats, the torpedo station, and the great magazine at the eastern end of the island. Returning westward again, and scooping in occasional isolated magazines on the high ground back from the shore, he blew up three cruisers and the battleships *Oregon*, *Delaware*, *New Hampshire* and *Florida*—the latter had just gone into dry-dock, and the magnificent dry-dock was destroyed along with her.

It was a frightful catastrophe, and a shiver of horror passed through the land. But it was nothing to what was to follow. In the late fall of that year Emil Gluck made a clean sweep of the Atlantic

seaboard from Maine to Florida. Nothing escaped. Forts. mines, coast defences of all sorts, torpedo stations, magazines—everything went up. Three months afterward, in mid-winter, he smote the north shore of the Mediterranean from Gibraltar to Greece in the same stupefying manner. A wail went up from the nations. It was clear that human agency was behind all this destruction, and it was equally clear, what of Emil Gluck's impartiality, that the destruction was not the work of any particular nation. One thing was patent, namely, that whoever was the human behind it all, that human was a menace to the world. No nation was safe. There was no defence against this unknown and all-powerful foe. Warfare was futile—nay, not merely futile but itself the very essence of the peril. For a twelve-month the manufacture of powder ceased, and all soldiers and sailors were withdrawn from all fortifications and war vessels. And even a world disarmament was seriously considered at the Convention of the Powers, held at The Hague at that time.

And then Silas Bannerman, a secret service agent of the United States, leaped into world-fame by arresting Emil Gluck. At first Bannerman was laughed at, but he had prepared his case well, and in a few weeks the most skeptical were convinced of Emil Gluck's guilt. The one thing, however, that Silas Bannerman never succeeded in explaining, even to his own satisfaction, was how first he came to connect Gluck with the atrocious crimes. It is true, Bannerman was in Vallejo, on secret government business, at the time of the destruction of Mare Island; and it is true that on the streets of Vallejo Emil Gluck was pointed out to him as a queer crank; but no impression was made at the time. It was not until afterward, when on a vacation in the Rocky Mountains and when reading the first published reports of the destruction along the Atlantic Coast, that suddenly Bannerman thought of Emil Gluck. And on the instant there flashed into his mind the connection between Gluck and the destruction. It was only an hypothesis, but it was sufficient. The great thing was the conception of the hypothesis. It itself an act of unconscious cerebration—

a thing as unaccountable as the flashing, for instance, into Newton's mind of the principle of gravitation.

The rest was easy. Where was Gluck at the time of the destruction along the Atlantic seaboard? was the question that formed in Bannerman's mind. By his own request he was put upon the case. In no time he ascertained that Gluck had himself been up and down the Atlantic Coast in the late fall of 1940. Also he ascertained that Gluck had been in New York City during the epidemic of the shooting of police officers. Where was Gluck now?—was Bannerman's next query. And, as if in answer, came the wholesale destruction along the Mediterranean. Gluck had sailed for Europe a month before—Bannerman knew that. It was not necessary for Bannerman to go to Europe. By means of cable messages and the co-operation of the European secret services, he traced Gluck's course along the Mediterranean and found that in every instance it coincided with the blowing up of coast defences and ships. Also, he learned that Gluck had just sailed on the Green Star liner *Plutonic* for the United States.

The case was complete in Bannerman's mind, though in the interval of waiting he worked up the details. In this he was ably assisted by George Brown, an operator employed by the Wood's System of Wireless Telegraphy. When the *Plutonic* arrived off Sandy Hook she

was boarded by Bannerman from a Government tug, and Emil Gluck made prisoner. The trial and the confession followed. In the confession Gluck professed regret only for one thing, namely, that he had taken his time. As he said, had he dreamed that he was ever to be discovered he would have worked more rapidly and accomplished a thousand times the destruction he did. His secret died with him, though it is now known that the French Government managed to get access to him and offered him a billion francs for his invention wherewith he was able to direct and closely to confine electric discharges. "What?" was Gluck's reply—"to sell to you that which would enable you to enslave and maltreat suffering humanity?" And though the war departments of the nations have continued to experiment in their secret laboratories, they have so far failed to light upon the slightest trace of the secret. Emil Gluck was executed on December 4, 1941, and so died. At the age of forty-six, one of the world's most unfortunate geniuses, a man of tremendous intellect, but whose mighty powers, instead of making toward good, were so twisted and warped that he became the most amazing of criminals.

—Culled from Mr. A. G. Burnside's "*Eccentricities of Crime*," by kind permission of the publishers, Messrs. Holiday and Whitsund.

The Japanese Manifesto

By S. KATAYAMA

S. KATAYAMA writes that the present Japanese ministry, formed by Premier Count Okuma, received the enthusiastic support of the entire people, because the Count had promised a free press, free speech and the right of assembly.

Heretofore all political and union propaganda has been prohibited. Under the new ministry the Socialists formed a Japanese Labor Party and issued the following Manifesto, which was promptly suppressed by Count Okuma, who had

been so full of kind promises before the election of his own party. We think this document is one that can be read with profit by our own readers.

"TO THE WORKING CLASSES!"

"Mr. Workingman! You work all through the year and, in the sweat of your brow, produce everything in the world.

"Mr. Workingman! You build houses and yet, do you not live in a filthy,

shabby, small, crumbling shed containing only one room about 9 by 12 feet, which affords only a bare protection from rain and dew?

"You have spun, woven and made the clothes for all. And yet are you not always wearing dirty and torn clothes which hardly cover your body?"

"Mr. Workingman! You have produced and prepared all the good food. And yet are you not yourself living on the coarsest and most distasteful food that barely gives you enough nourishment?"

"Yes, you have made everything in the world. You have built all the railway carriages, steamers and automobiles that are the very pride of the human civilization today, and yet you have never ridden in them comfortably yourself.

"You have made everything in the world and provided for all. And yet have you a house, even 9 by 12 feet, that you could call your own? There are in this country the so-called nobility and the rich who eat and drink freely and enjoy themselves luxuriously all through life, and still their wealth ever increases.

"Why is this, anyway? In a well organized society, one who gets his living at somebody's house gratis is called 'Isoro,' a dependent. Such a person, a good-for-nothing parasite, is looked down on as a low and mean wight. And yet those nobles and millionaires, doing no work, but playing and enjoying themselves in their easy and sumptuous life, continue to get ever more money and wealth. Call you not the lower class mean people and coolies, and put on your own head all the disrespectable titles and epithets; you who are diligently toiling and laboring and making every good thing in the world?"

"You ought to think the matter over well and seriously for yourself, somewhat in the following manner: Why am I, the master of this world, the head of the industry and the very pillar of society, compelled to lead such a life?"

"Mr. Workingman! Do you never in your miserable life think of it? Have you never thought of your present fate as a

sad one that is even lower than that of some animals?"

"Have you never thought of getting rid of such an awful life as soon as possible? And do you not wish to live a life that is worthy of a man, the last and the greatest of all creations, an image of God?"

"Mr. Workingman! If you think of the matter as we do, then you ought to organize with other workers; the sooner the better for you and for all, and thus you should get rid of those who live by exploiting you. You might think thus: 'We, who have nothing but a waistcoat, could do nothing, even if we should have organized ourselves.' But, my friends, think of it! Once you, who have nothing but a single waistcoat, should mutually shake hands with your comrades and quietly quit your work together. The gas and electricity that turns night into day shall not give them light and the city will become dark. If you should not work! Think! Would not the train, electric car and automobile stand still? Surely there will be no rice, potatoes, fish, wood or coal brought into the city. Then, though they be haughty and arrogant, how much would they think themselves above the working class? Yet shall they not after all starve, freeze and die of hunger and cold?"

"Mr. Workingman! If you realize yourself the very power and influence you could command, you must organize yourselves into a union with your fellow workers. And then, and only then, you shall get rid of your present miserable life, perhaps worse than that of a horse or dog, and then there may come a time when you can call your fellow workers truly my 'Comrades' in the most beautiful society.

"Ah! Mr. Workingman. The fact that you organize or not shall decide the very destiny of the world in either way—prosperity and happiness, or decadence and misery!"

"Unite the Workers of the Whole Nation!
Unite the Workers of the Whole
World!!"

EDITORIAL

THE REAL FATHERLAND

WHAT has "your" country ever done for you, Mr. Workingman? Has it been a real fatherland to you? Has it looked after your welfare? Has it given you the opportunity to have a warm home in the winter? Has it seen that you have clothing and food? Has it fed your children and assured them of sunshine and schooltime and playtime to fit them for the real work of life?

Are you a German, Frenchman or Englishman? Are you Russian, Austrian or Italian? Are you an American? It does not matter. This question applies to every workingman in the world. What has "your" country ever done for you?

Surely no one expects you to love a particular geographical district upon the face of the earth just because you happened to be born on it, unless that district has done something for you.

When you were a child, did your country throw protecting arms about you and feed and clothe and shelter you? Or did your working class father and mother have to struggle to give you a place to eat and sleep? Is there one spot in all "your" country where you may rest and live and sleep in peace without the weekly or monthly dig-up to a landlord? And if you have no money to pay rent and no work to earn money to pay rent, does "your" country come to your assistance and give you work or does "your" country send around a sheriff or some other city official to set you out in the snow and another official to drive you from the city with a club, a gun and a "move on"?

When you are unable to secure a job and are driven across country by the police of "your" country or the gendarmes until you find yourself on "foreign" soil, you will find native workers of that "foreign" land in the same predicament as your own. The Frenchman, the German, the Englishman are all driven from pillar to post, from city to city, because they have no jobs and no

money to buy food and clothing and the right to live on the land of "their" country.

Patriotism means the love of the land in which you were born—that and nothing more. And why should you love that land any more than any other?

Mr. Workingman, what has your native land done for you that you should fight for her flag, her glory or her power? No matter how large or powerful she may become, no matter how rich her resources and her natural wealth, you will share in none of these things unless you can find a boss to pay you money to spend. If you are rich, "your" country will open her arms to you and spread out her army, her laws, her police to protect your riches. If you are penniless, she will just as readily drive you from her farthestmost provinces or send you to her vilest prisons.

"Your" country has protection only for the powerful, the rich, the idle; she has no care for those who are hungry, cold and sick. The flag of "your" nation is borne by the troops sent into districts where the hosts of poverty congregate, to drive them from the sight of the wealthy.

"Your" country has no place for you after you have built the railroads, harvested the crops, produced food and clothing for more than your own numbers. For when your work is done your pay ceases. All that you have made, all that you have produced, has been kept by your employers and you are turned out upon the mercies of "your" country in your old age, penniless and homeless, to starve.

Workingmen of the world, the land of your birth has done nothing for you. Conditions in Germany, France, Austria, England, Russia and America are practically the same. Everywhere you will find the workers earning barely enough to live on. Everywhere you will find thousands of men hunting jobs and no jobs. Everywhere you will find the rich protected and the poor driven out.

You have no country! Every national flag in the world today means protection for the employing class, who appropriate the things produced by the workers. It has no message for those who toil.

There is only one flag worth fighting for and that is the red flag, which means universal brotherhood of the workers of the world in their fight to abolish the profit system.

The real fatherland will cherish every one of its children. It will see that all

have equality of opportunity and a chance to produce and procure all the good things of life. The real fatherland means a childhood free from work and worry for us all; useful work for every able-bodied man and woman; it means his product for the worker without profit to any boss; it means leisure and a regular old age income in the winter of life!

This is the real fatherland and this is Socialism!

MARY E. MARCY.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES

BY WILLIAM E. BOHN

This War—What For? As these notes are written (August 3) Germany has declared war on Russia and hurriedly pushed troops over the French border. Apparently nothing can prevent the greatest war in fifty years. Thousands of young workingmen will be killed and wounded. Production will stop. Cities will be destroyed. But, worst of all will be the barbarization of people's minds and hearts. The thing has been talked of for years. Now it is here.

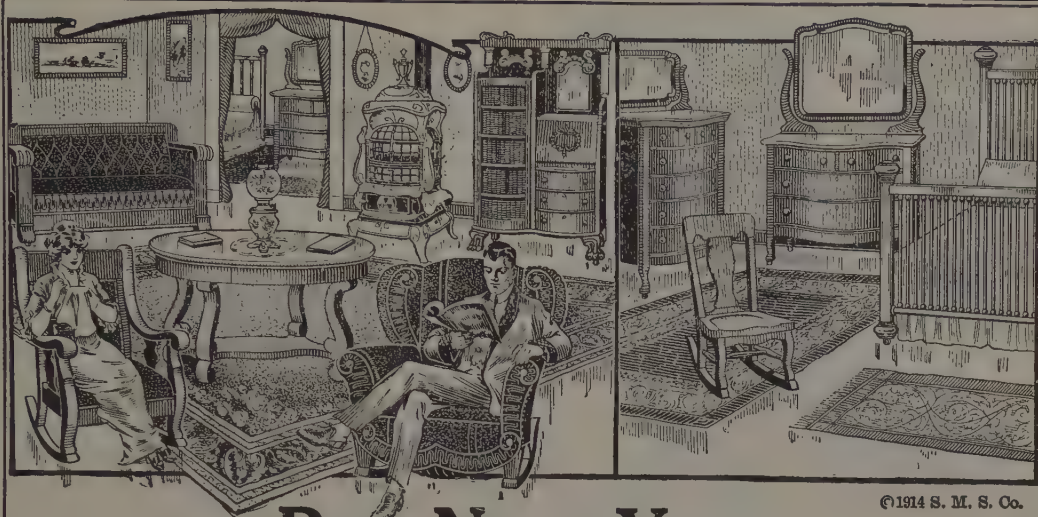
Never was a war more selfish or senseless. Serbia fought her way free from Turkey in 1878. Now she wants to stay free. She needs freedom. Her lands are rich. Her people are industrious. Her young capitalists are beginning to develop industries. But she is bottled up. She has no port. Her exports must be sent by rail through Austria. Austria wants more territory, more power and larger populations to exploit. So Austria has determined to crush the life out of Serbia. This is the beginning of it all. When Franz Joseph and William II. call on their soldiers to be true to God and lick the enemy it is so that Servian capitalists may be kept down and the German capitalists of Austria may have their way in the Balkan peninsula.

The immediate excuse for starting things was furnished by the assassination of Archduke Franz Ferdinand on June 28. He was shot by a young Servian. Another young Servian threw a bomb at him. These young fellows, only nineteen or twenty years old, were captured. One of them confessed to having formed his

plan in company with four others in Belgrade, the capital of Serbia. How this can be made an excuse for war is rather a long story.

There are about 5,000,000 Serbs in Serbia. There are nearly twice as many in Montenegro, Albania and various provinces of Austria. These latter naturally envy their brothers in Serbia under their own government—Austria has grown more and more tyrannous. According to the treaty of Berlin formed in 1879 Bosnia and Herzegovina were to remain independent. First Austria declared a protectorate and finally, in 1908, she annexed these provinces. The million inhabitants of these provinces, and others in various parts of the empire, have been subjected to every indignity. They have been deprived of citizenship. They have been subject to constant espionage and prosecution. Since the Balkan war of 1912 Austria has not felt the need of independent Slavic states to serve as buffers against Turkey. So her atrocities have increased. She has, apparently, aimed at inciting an uprising. Under the circumstances the Serbs have naturally banded themselves together to work for better conditions. Their organization is called the Pan-Slavic League.

Now, though both of the young captives concerned in the death of the Archduke are natives of Austria, the imperial government makes this event the occasion for crushing out the Pan-Slavic movement. On July 23d a demand was made that the Servian government suppress all societies under its jurisdiction



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which have fomented rebellion against Austria, and that it disavow all connection with the murder of Archduke Franz Ferdinand. Of course no government would promise to do either one of these things without being forced to do so. When Austria made these demands she was deliberately making war inevitable.

The government of Austria is a German power. Extending its influence toward the Ægean Sea means giving a field to German capitalists. It means that much less of rich territory for Slavic capitalists. It means, especially, a southwestern boundary set for Russia. So Russia began to mobilize her troops. Austria's declaration of war against Serbia came on July 28th. On the same day Russia began to move troops toward the frontier. On the 31st the German government called on Russia to cease operations. On August 2d, without a declaration of war, German troops entered France. At the same time the Russians entered Germany.

Of course Socialists are not interested in the etiquette of war. It makes little difference whether the killing begins

politely or not. The only thing of importance is that the big fight has begun. Italy has declared her neutrality. England may do the same. But Europe is in for a first-class butchery. Thousands will die because German capitalists are determined to extend their power to the south-east and crush the Slavs who stand in their way.

Socialists and War. The International Socialist Congress was to be held at Vienna on August 23d. At first the date was changed to August 8th, and the place to Paris. Then came news that it had been postponed indefinitely.

To the present writer this seems a great mistake. To be sure, it would be impossible to hold a congress in a country actually engaged in war. But there are several neutral nations which would have welcomed the congress. And surely now when the powers of capitalism are most bloodthirsty is the time when the working class needs leadership. It may be that the International Bureau will call a peace conference representative of the nations whose governments have gone to war. Perhaps such a body can act more

"In her efforts to serve God and Mammon, the Church has become cross-eyed."
—*The Call of The Carpenter.*

BOUCK WHITE, author of "THE CALL OF THE CARPENTER", is now in a cell on Blackwell's Island, New York.

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powerfully at this time than an International Congress.

But after all the resolving and speech-making, this is the time to act. News comes from London that Keir Hardie addressed a great crowd in Trafalgar Square and advocated calling a general strike if England enters the conflict. We hope for equally energetic words and deeds on the part of our German and French comrades.

Meantime, let us ask it mildly, what has become of the three saintly peace conferences which were to be held in Europe in August?

Industrial Unionism in Germany. The German labor movement is moving. It goes slowly but steadily in the direction of industrial organization. Since January 1st there have been at least a score of articles in *Die Neue Zeit* dealing with the form of organization. Just before the triennial labor congress met recently at Munich Xaver Kamrowski published in this official and orthodox journal a powerful argument for the industrial form.

The reasons for this important development are both industrial and political. The tiny "Sydicalist" movement in Germany has had absolutely nothing to do with it. I cannot learn that it was even mentioned in the papers or on the floor of the congress. The political cause is the absolute stoppage of social reform in Germany. As was brought out at the congress, which was held near the end of June, Germany is no longer the leader in such matters as old-age pensions, accident insurance, control of housing conditions, etc. In fact, conditions as revealed in various detailed reports showed that many classes of workers are in a most pitiable condition. The German workers' faith in the good intentions of the government have finally been shattered. And the labor unions have their backs against the wall in a fight for life. They have recently been classified as political organizations by legal decision. If this decision stands they will be subjected to all the restrictions which apply to political bodies under the new police code. Since the repeal of the Anti-Socialist law in 1890 they have enjoyed freedom. Now the government has taken the offensive against them. It is not merely a question of growing and developing new pow-

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The author, Edw. J. Woods, 534 Sixth Ave., 242 A, New York City, will send his book free on application, to anyone who writes to him mentioning clearly which habit it is desired to conquer and whether the person is desirous of being freed of it or must be treated secretly without his or her knowledge.

ers. To live at all they will have to fight.

The economic cause is the growth of capitalist organizations. The great associations of employers are not limited by any form of governmental interference. They constantly take the initiative. The lock-out and the black-list are constantly employed. Their improved organizations must be met by one equally good.

The question of organization came before the congress in the form of an appeal. The Transport Workers and the Brewery Workers had had a jurisdictional fight over the brewery wagon drivers. A board of arbitration turned the drivers over to the Brewery Workers. That is, their decision was flatly in favor of industrial organization. The Transport Workers appealed to the congress and asked for a reversal. The discussion was long, sometimes bitter, and always characteristically thorough. The arguments were, of course, the ones we are accustomed to in this country, though the discussion as a whole was much the best the present writer has ever read. There was more willingness to listen to the other fellow than is usually evident in this country under similar circumstances. The industrial forces were led by the representatives of the Factory Workers. They acknowledged that in 1892, when the first congress of the present organization met at Halberstadt, the craft system was the natural one to adopt. They even acknowledged that in a few exceptional trades it is still effective. But maintained, on the whole, that the day for it is past. In fact, nearly all the speakers agreed that craft unionism is passing and must pass. The only difference of opinion was in regard to what should be done in the case of individual unions. In general the feeling seemed to be that the development of things should not be forced, that in each industry the trades should be joined as rapidly as the unions become ready for it. The Germans are not going to begin their house at the roof.

In the end the decision of the board of arbitration was confirmed. The drivers are to belong to the Brewery Workers. So the victory is on the side of the "one big union." A court of appeals was then arranged to deal with similar problems in the future.

In addition, the dues to be paid by the

separate unions to the national organization were raised from 4 pfennigs to 5, and a large general commission was formed to act for the organization in times of crises. Both these actions mean that our German comrades feel that they must be ready to fight.

Death of Jean Jaurès. On July 31st Comrade Jean Jaurès was shot to death by a "patriot." He had just attended a meeting of the International Socialist Bureau, which has issued a proclamation against the war, and had delivered a speech against militarism. The murderer said, when captured, "I did it because when M. Jaurès fought the three years' military law he fought France." So Jaurès was the first victim of the war fever.

Jaurès was 55 years old. After graduating from the Ecole Normale Supérieure he became lecturer on philosophy at the University of Toulouse. His oratory made him popular and in 1885 he was elected to the Chamber of Deputies as a Radical. In 1889 he was defeated and returned to the university. There he prepared, as one of the dissertations necessary for the securing of a doctor's degree, a study of "The Origins of German Socialism." Soon after this he turned Socialist and as such he was returned to the chamber in 1893. There, with Millerand and Viviani, he formed the Independent Socialist Party. When Millerand entered the cabinet of Waldeck Rousseau he had the approval and support of Jaurès. In 1904 at the International Congress of Amsterdam, he was the chief defender of this proceeding. He was voted down and has since then loyally submitted to the decision of the party. The same may be said of the relations to the French Socialist Party. When the United Party was formed in 1907 he was by no means allowed to dictate. Though he strongly favored entering into blocs with radical groups, the party from the beginning forbade any such dubious tactics and he has subordinated himself consistently to party discipline.

He was a brilliant orator, a keen writer, a warm and attractive personality. His voice rolled out like thunder against drenching Europe in the blood of the workers, and his own blood was the first to be shed. Let us hope that it was not shed in vain.

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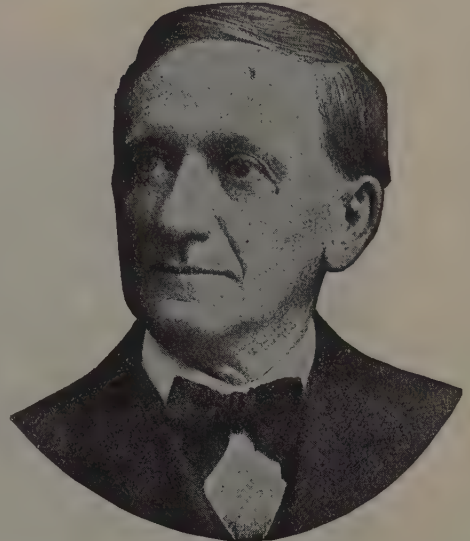
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NEWS AND VIEWS

A GROUP OF IDAHO REDS



F. Olson, H. O. Price, I. F. Stewart, C. B. Lentz, C. F. Donicht, J. Z. Standley, A. B. Clark,

The Idaho State Convention.—To the Socialist Party of Idaho belongs the distinction of having adopted what is probably the shortest, yet one of the most complete state platforms ever set forth by any political party.

Reform measures under the name of "Immediate Demands" were completely eliminated, and the platform stands out clear-cut, concise and revolutionary, containing nothing which the old parties will care to steal.

The question of incorporating "Immediate Demands" was brought up at four different stages of the convention in as many different forms, but failed to confuse the delegates. Regardless of the fact that they were as uniformly voted down a persistent effort was made by a few of the delegates to smuggle in some reform measures. This developed, as a last resort, into a frantic attempt to over-ride the convention and force certain reform planks into the platform. This attempt to use a steam roller in a Socialist convention caused much indignation among the delegates. Several lengthy and heated discussions were launched, some of which were tinged with bitter sarcasm and personal remarks, but the clear understanding of the class struggle prevalent among the majority of the delegates in the Idaho state convention remained unchanged.

A. B. Clark of Latah County, with F. Olson of Twin Falls, C. B. Lentz of Bonner, C. F. W. Donicht of Bannock and Herman Barber

of Canyon counties, and others, fought eloquently for the elimination of "Immediate Demands" which, they held, mean only reform measures and are a detriment to the real fundamentals of Socialism. They maintained that such planks in a Socialist platform are superfluous and confusing to the minds of the workers, that should they be obtained, can bring only temporary relief to a specified few and no relief whatever to the working class as a whole, thus retarding rather than advancing the real issue. The old parties, they declared, will offer reform measures galore in a vain hope to pacify and thus retain their grasp upon the working class, and when these reforms have been tried and proven a failure let it not be said that the Socialist Party advocated them. They emphasized the fact that if the Socialist Party stands for anything it is for REVOLUTION and not reform, that while the old parties can adopt the same reform planks or "Immediate Demands" which the Socialist Party might incorporate, they can never touch the vital part of our philosophy. They held that the entire program of Socialism is an immediate demand for the permanent relief of the entire working class, and that we should stand firmly upon the rock foundation of this principle rather than upon the wavering promises of reform.

The platform as adopted is as follows:

"We, the Socialist Party of the State of

Idaho, declare our allegiance to the international program of Socialism.

"Labor alone produces all wealth. We propose that laborers alone shall have all wealth.

"No man has a natural and inherent right to exploit the labor of any other man, therefore we demand that he shall not have a legal right to do so.

"We demand the collective ownership of all things collectively used, the private ownership of things privately used—the abolition of interest, rent and profit.

"We demand the initiative, referendum and recall of all public officials.

"Our candidates when elected shall always and everywhere, until the present capitalistic system of industry is abolished, make this question their guiding rule of conduct: 'Will this legislation or action advance the interests of the WORKING CLASS and aid the WORKERS in their CLASS STRUGGLE?' If it will the elected Socialist is strenuously for it; if it will not he is, and shall be, absolutely opposed to it."—Elda B. Conly, Secretary of Convention.

Bouck White Still in Jail.—Nation-wide protest is now being organized against the continued imprisonment of Bouck White of New York, and has taken the form of a demand upon Governor Glynn of New York for the release of the prisoner. Bouck White's case is unique. After the Ludlow massacre he invited the Rev. Mr. Woelfkin, pastor of the Rockefeller church of New York to publicly debate the question, "Did Jesus teach the immorality of being rich?" He notified Mr. Woelfkin by mail that he would put that question at the Sunday morning services on May 10. When he arose to do so he was quickly seized and pinned down by six "plain clothes men" and detectives, who, as church ushers, were present to defend the sanctity of the brand of religion taught by Messrs. Rockefeller and Woelfkin. His trial was a farce. The Appellate Court adjourned for the season without taking action upon his case. Meanwhile Comrade Bouck White is spending his summer days at the public resort on Blackwell's Island. Here is one more case that emphasizes the absolute necessity of organizing the defense of revolutionists who are accused of crimes they never committed, or, as in the case of Bouck White, thrown into jail without even being accused of a crime.—*From Sol Fieldman, 42 South Washington Sq., New York, N. Y.*

From Connecticut.—Comrade Richard Madler of Hartford writes: "I am glad to send a dollar for ten new readers to the best Socialist magazine on earth."

From California.—"Among all the Socialist books and papers I think the REVIEW takes the lead, especially in arousing the workers to a sense of solidarity. The heart stirring articles from the workers in other lands each month make a reader feel that he is shaking hands with the comrades on the other side."—Kate L. Nevine, Antioch.

List of Hustlers Sending in Ten or More Subs.—Six hundred and seventy-five subs in twenty days. REVIEW rebels are always on the job! The Anti-War Labor Day number of the FIGHTING MAGAZINE will be loaded to the muzzle. We are going to ask every REVIEW reader to get busy during Red Week, which starts on Labor Day, Sept. 7, and round up ten new readers on our SPECIAL OFFER of the REVIEW three months to new readers for ten cents. We want to reach the 100,000 mark. Are you with us?

McMillen,	Huntington,	20
Berg,	Portland,	10
Snell,	Red Deer,	10
Snider,	Indianapolis,	11
Fread,	Ceres,	10
Rodger,	Rector,	10
Renshaw,	Hennessey,	10
Hoffman,	Jacksonville,	10
Ferguson,	Minature,	15
Dunne,	Phillipsburg,	12
Spain,	Jonesboro,	20
Lloyd,	Bloomington,	10
Landfried,	Challis,	12
Banerle,	Homer,	10
Williamson,	Forest,	12
Sutton,	Tacoma,	38
Howerton,	Paris,	10
Pfisterer,	Dunkirk,	40
Burt,	Plummer,	10
Vinopal,	Lake worth,	14
Dates,	Scotia,	10
Hill,	Elmira,	10
Bezpalec,	Ruso,	10
Olmsted,	York,	10
Berge,	Alsen,	10
Beach,	Glencoe,	10
Ruppelt,	Sheboygan,	10
Osa,	Blaine,	14
Mundy,	Spokane,	16
Trimble,	Vinson,	10
Crone,	Canton,	10
Heuron,	Anadarko,	14
Simison,	Hawley,	10
Hillerson,	Hillview,	10
Athy,	Kokomo,	10
Applegate,	Vincennes,	10
Morrison,	Carlin,	10
Fredericson,	Skidoo,	10
Moody,	Asheville,	10
Madler,	Hartford,	10
Swope,	Girard,	10
Chavanne,	Troy,	10
Finchum,	Martinsville,	10
Teel,	Stonewall,	10
Burrowes,	Freeport,	10
Chenoweth,	Shelbyville,	10
Gustafson,	Ladysmith,	10
Shaw,	Milburn,	10
Bunker,	Toronto,	10
Turner,	Deer Park,	10
Cowan,	Pear Valley,	10
Halmen,	Chisholm,	10
Steele,	Chillicothe,	10
McCombs,	Prue,	10
Morgan,	Florence,	10
Rosengren,	Marshalltown,	11
Goodman,	Eugene,	10

Total 675

Good News from Montana.—The REVIEW readers will read with interest the following strike news from Deer Lodge, Montana: "We are now in the sixth week of our strike against the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Company, which is trying to electrify its road between Deer Lodge and Avery, Idaho.

"We have 175 miles of the line completely tied up. The men on strike are showing great solidarity, considering the summer weather, and the slave's dream of making his winter's stake during the summer months.

"We must certainly hand it to this bunch of rebels, as there has been no desertion from our ranks and the greatest harmony prevails throughout the camp. We have a constant stream of pickets traveling between the camps and it is a sight worth seeing when the whole bunch are called out when scabs are shipped in.

"The company is chasing up and down the line trying to unload their car of Poles. Everyone seems to be happy but the boss. We are sure playing this game to win.

"The Butte Working Men's Union as well as the Butte and Anaconda Electrical Workers' Unions are coming through with \$100.00 per week to feed the men who are fighting like hell to uphold the Union's principles and gain better conditions."—Publicity Committee, Pat Brennen and James Doyle.

Canada Vote.—The increase in the Socialist vote in Ontario is splendid, considering all the circumstances. In the elections held June 29, 1914, the Socialist vote is 5,185. In the elections held December 5, 1911, the Socialist vote was 3,304. The gain in votes was 1,881 or over 56 per cent.

The old parties, to draw a red herring across the trail of the class struggle, introduced the moral issue. Abolish the bar was the slogan of the Liberals. The churches were used as political weapons. Religion, morality, the good man stunt, were worked for all they were worth, and still the vote increased tremendously. Socialism was more talked about than at any previous time, and Marxian economics was the basis of the Socialist fight.

From Minneapolis.—"We sold 200 copies of the August issue in three days. Send us 100 more.—Peter Johnsen, No. 64 I. W. W."

Control of Child Bearing.—"I have just been reading an article by Caroline Nelson, which appeared in the March issue of the INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW. As we are all in need of more of this old world's goods to live on and have more babies to feed, clothe and educate than we are able to care for, this article appeals to me very much. I know her theory is a good one and we need it here in America just as much as any other country. We have thousands of helpless children, who are starving and freezing, going through life without the education they are so much in need of. Oh, if I could only know of the secret this woman speaks of, I would put in the remainder of my time on earth spreading the light to mothers. A poor mother's life is one of dread and misery. It is mother love that loves all her children, let them be few or many, but it breaks mothers' hearts, and

blasts the lives of mother and children when more come than can be properly cared for. She says, "'Think before you bring life into the world' is the Neo-Malthusian motto: And thinking people do not ruin themselves in debauchery, or with poisonous drugs, or use any doubtful methods. But in this case, as in all other cases, a small minority will have to dig and toil to bring the right information to the majority." I am one of many other sister comrades who wants to know this new method.—*An Anxious Mother.*

Anti-War Resolutions.—The following resolutions were adopted by the Socialists of Duluth, Minn., U. S. A., at the meeting of the City Central Committee on July 29, 1914:

A war has been declared by the government of Austria against the government of Servia.

The governments of Russia, Germany, France, England, Italy, Greece, Bulgaria, Roumania, Turkey and other governments are apt to be drawn into the conflict for the reason that the economic interests of the ruling classes of these various governments are in conflict some with the others.

These various ruling classes, failing in other methods of adjusting their economic quarrels, declare war, and set myriads of workers who have no quarrels with each other at each other's throats.

War, since the discovery of gunpowder, has always been fought by the working class.

Was is promoted by the dominant ruling class of all countries by means of teaching patriotism and religion to the children of the working class in the schools, churches and newspapers, all controlled by the same dominant ruling class, in all countries.

We condemn as hypocritical and evasive the position of the Emperor of Austria in attempting to justify his brutal and inhuman action in declaring war on the ground that such war was "decreed by Providence."

The implements of modern war, the sale of which is fostered by the profit-mongering capitalist class, have reached such a stage of efficiency that in a vast European war whole armies (all of the working class) will be annihilated as if by the pressure of an electric button.

Since the capitalist class of Europe, in the madness of its dying day, has inaugurated this cataclysm of blood, we urge our Socialist comrades of Europe to turn their murderous instruments of death upon the rotting, festering nests of pious "rulers," both monarchical and capitalistic, and rid the earth forever of these monsters, instead of bathing each other in the blood of the working class.

If this is the psychological moment to strike the blow for freedom of the working class in Europe, we American Socialists hope our comrades will not let the opportunity pass.

The historic mission of Socialism is the destruction of the wage system of society by peaceable means, if possible, and the inauguration of the co-operative industrial commonwealth.

In its propaganda the attitude of the Inter-

national Socialism has been against war. We detest war so bitterly that we are ready to go to war to end war.

WORKERS OF THE WORLD, UNITE!

Socialist Local Brainerd—The following resolutions were unanimously adopted and approved by the citizens of Brainerd, in a mass meeting held on Saturday, August 1st, by the Women's Committee of Socialist Local Brainerd and by Socialist Local Brainerd:

To His Excellency, Honorable T. Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States, Washington, D. C.

You are credited in newspaper dispatches with appealing to the patriotism of the railroad workers and employes of the western railways to avoid a strike in the face of a European war, and the consequential paralysis of crop moving.

The moving of crops in America to supply the armies of Europe, which have been hurled at each other's throats by the madness of toppling capitalism is the very means of prolonging the wholesale slaughter of the working class.

It will benefit only a small group of human vultures in America and Europe, who are pleased to call themselves "respectable" business men and "patriotic" citizens. We, the socialists of Brainerd, Minnesota, protest against any encouragement of this plan of capitalism, which operates solely for profits. We stand ready to enforce our protest by supporting the railroad men in refusing to haul train loads of wheat to the seaboard, thus bringing to a speedy end the carnival of blood-letting and misery in Europe, the burden and expense of which must fall upon the working class of the world. We feel that your contemplated action in encouraging wheat shipments will prolong the war, the benefit of which will accrue only to a small group of money-mad maniacs whose holy ikon is the dollar mark. The exportation of wheat will create famine and famine prices in America. We protest against this brand of "patriotism" and demand that you use your power to declare an embargo upon the shipment of grain and other foodstuffs to Europe during this war, thus quickly ending the war. We ask this in the name of the working class.

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Until you have done this you cannot work for it intelligently. Read these books in the order named, and you will do clearer thinking and more effective talking.

- "Revolution."—Jack London.
- "Introduction to Socialism."—N. A. Richardson.
- "Shop Talks on Economics."—Mary E. Marcy.
- "The Class Struggle."—Karl Kautsky.
- "Socialism, Utopian and Scientific."—Engels.
- "The Communist Manifesto."—Marx and Engels.
- "Value, Price and Profit."—Karl Marx.
- "Industrial Unionism."—Eugene V. Debs.
- "Industrial Socialism."—Haywood and Bohn.
- "The New Socialism."—Robert Rives La Monte.

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Not Troops but Protection.—Mr. Charles Moyer, the president of the Western Federation of Miners, has denied that he asked Governor Stewart for troops. He asserts that he merely asked the governor for protection. The organ of the W. F. of M. protests that Mr. Moyer demanded not troops but protection. The convention of the W. F. of M., after an ex-parte hearing of the Butte troubles, has endorsed Mr. Moyer's statement that not troops but protection is what the valiant president of their organization demanded of the governor of Montana. And it has been given out through the Associated Press that every person present at the interview between Mr. Moyer and Governor Stewart has stated that it was not troops but protection that the president of the W. F. of M. demanded of the governor.

All these statements are supposed to settle the question and to put an end to the statement in this paper that Mr. Moyer asked the governor for troops. This is a very neat but scarcely a convincing evasion.

Suppose it was protection and not troops that Mr. Moyer demanded of the governor, what was the nature of the protection he expected at the hands of the chief executive of this commonwealth?

Did Mr. Moyer expect the governor to accompany him back to Butte and act as his body-guard? Did he, perchance, expect the governor to organize the clerks and stenographers employed at the capitol into a body-guard for the president of the W. F. of M.? Did he expect the governor, perchance, to deputize some ladies' aid society to protect Mr. Moyer from the impolite Butteites who flung orange peelings and bad language at him when he was inside the Miners' Union hall?

What sort of protection would the president of the W. F. of M. demand, after the gunmen at his meeting in Butte on the night of June 23rd had opened fire on a street crowd of men, women and children that had not even flung a stone through the windows? What sort of protection can or does a governor of a state give, if he gives any, under such conditions as prevailed at the time Mr. Moyer made his demand?

Surely not merely moral support. We can scarcely believe that Mr. Moyer demanded anything less than police protection. And the only police at the command of the governor are the state militia.

The fact is that all this evasion by substituting the word "protection" for the word "troops" is an afterthought. It was suggested to Mr. Moyer by a prominent member of organized labor in Montana at the time that distinguished W. F. of M. official made his demand on the governor.

Said this Montana member to Mr. Moyer: "It should be understood, Mr. Moyer, that you do not ask the governor for troops but for protection." In this Mr. Moyer acquiesced. But he had already made his demand. The "protection" was an afterthought.

A Montana labor leader, mindful of the fight organized labor had made against the infamous Donahue militia bill, would naturally balk at asking for troops. Mr. Moyer did not balk, but he took the hint and has made use of the subterfuge. This is how he asked not for "troops" but for "protection."—*Montana Socialist.*

Charged with Murder.—We are in receipt of a letter from J. G. Gavel, Secretary of I. W. W. Local No. 339, Edmonton, Alta., Canada, in which he says: "Last winter a member of the Edmonton Local, I. W. W., named Frank Hiram Johnson took up a homestead in the vicinity of Lac La Biche, some hundred miles or more northeast of here. In May and June he wrote several letters to James Rowan (then secretary of this local) saying that he was in a hostile community and from his letters it would seem that his life was in danger. Rowan with another member of the local, W. E. Barrett, left for Lac La Biche and reached Johnson's shack late Sunday night, July 5th, when they found Johnson dead. It was plainly evident that he had been murdered.

Although there was no incriminating evidence at the inquest, the jury recommended that Rowan and Barrett be held when they reported the crime. Subsequently they were charged with murder, to be tried at the next sessions of the Supreme Court. It is an old trick of the master class to victimize active members of the revolutionary movement. Rowan was a good active member of this local for a year or more. Barrett's life is also in danger. Rally to their aid. Swarm into Edmonton when Rowan and Barrett go to trial on this trumped up charge and show the master class that they have an enemy to reckon with. If you have funds, send them to J. G. Gavel, 47 Frazer avenue, Edmonton, Alta., Canada.

"A school teacher finds your publication unfair, unreasonable and seditious—tending to stir unthinking people to revolt against law and order—in short, a menace to government."—Milo B. Price, Owatonna, Minn.

A Job for You.—You can make good wages and make Socialists at the same time by procuring a picture machine outfit with picture lectures on some of the many red hot subjects as put out by Dr. E. E. Sonnanstine, of Girard, Kansas. Write him for particulars.

Meadville, Pa.—"Enclosed find \$1.00 for which please send me twenty copies of the March REVIEW. It has always been my favorite among Socialist papers."—J. C. E.

From a Live One.—Comrade Eynon of Kemmerer, Wyo., sends in an order for fifty REVIEWS a month for one year to go to Robt. McLean at Frontier, Wyo. If the workers in other parts of the country had one-half of the Revolutionary spirit of the workers of the West, it would take but a very few years to clean house with the capitalist class.

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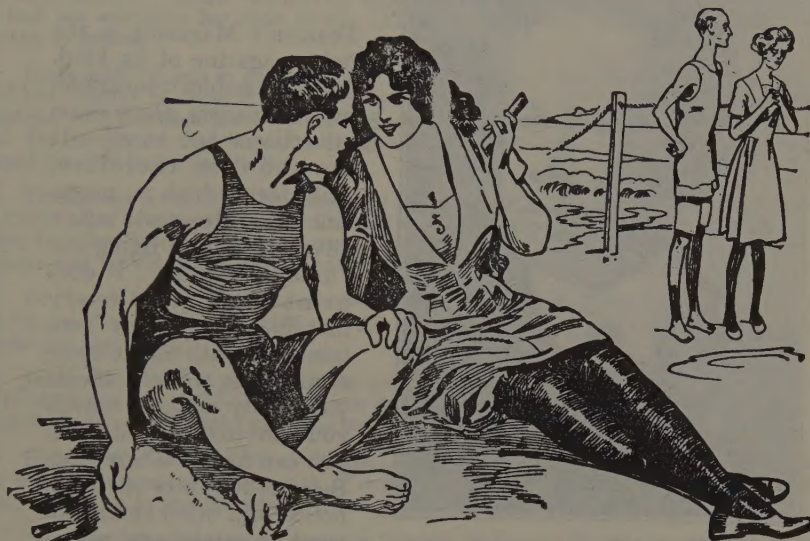
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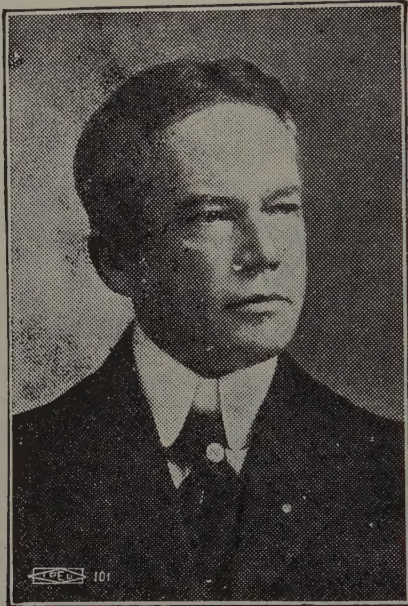
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